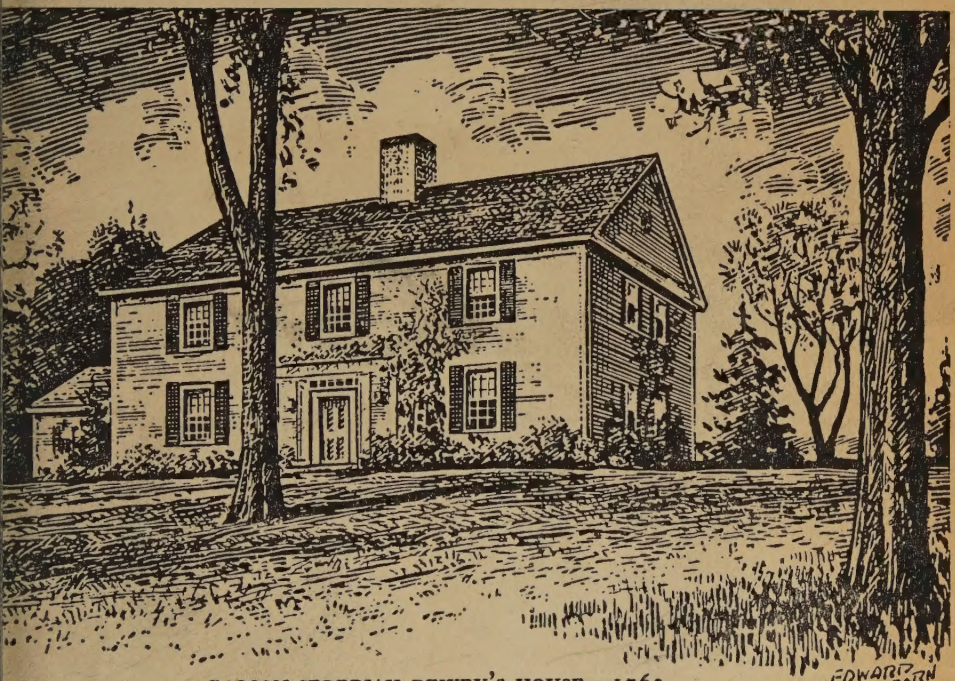
VERMONT *Quarterly*



PARSON JEDEDIAH DEWEY'S HOUSE—1763
PROBABLY THE OLDEST EXISTING FRAME-HOUSE IN VERMONT
(BENNINGTON)

ERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOL. XIX
No. 1

JANUARY
1951

FREEDOM VERMONT UNITY

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The 113th Year

Leon S. Gay, *President*
Cavendish, Vermont

ELBERT S. BRIGHAM, *Vice President*
JOHN CLEMENT, *Vice President*
CLARA E. FOLLETTE, *Secreta*
LUMAN B. HOWE, *Treasurer*

Board of Curators

HENRY F. BLACK, *White River Jct.*
ELBERT S. BRIGHAM, *St. Albans*
W. DOUGLAS BURDEN, *Charlotte*
WARD M. CANADY, *Woodstock*
JOHN P. CLEMENT, *Rutland*
DEANE C. DAVIS, *Barre*
LEON W. DEAN, *Burlington*
DANA M. DOTEN, *Cambridge, Mass.*
HELEN H. FLANDERS, *Springfield*
WALDO F. GLOVER, *Groton*
WALTER HARD, SR., *Manchester*
H. K. HEWITT, *Orwell*
RALPH N. HILL, JR., *Burlington*
JOHN S. HOOPER, *Brattleboro*
IDA B. HORTON, *South Hero*
JOHN C. HUDEN, *Castleton*
DORMAN B. E. KENT, *Montpelier*
JOHN H. MCDILL, *Woodstock*
VINCENT B. MALONEY, *Winooski*
SAMUEL R. OGDEN, *Landgrove*
VREST ORTON, *Weston*
MORTIMER R. PROCTOR, *Proctor*
RALPH W. PUTNAM, *Waterbury*
DOROTHY RANDOLPH, *Montpelier*
HAROLD G. RUGG, *Hanover, N. H.*
GEORGE A. RUSSELL, *Arlington*
JEAN W. SIMPSON, *Craftsbury*
CURTIS R. SMITH, *St. Albans*
MRS. J. WATSON WEBB, *Shelburne*

Ex Officio Members

LEON S. GAY, *President*
HARRISON J. CONANT, *State Librarian*
HOWARD E. ARMSTRONG, *Sec. of State*
DAVID E. ANDERSON, *Auditor*

DR. ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH, *Director*
CLARA E. FOLLETTE, *Librarian*
MADELYN S. DAVIDSON, *Assistant to the Director*
PLINY F. MORSE, *Custodian*
JOSEPH J. HOARE, *Assistant Custodian*
HELEN S. CORRY, *Typist*

The Vermont Historical Society is both an archives of invaluable material for the study of community, state and nation, and an educational institution promoting the study of and research in history as a way of approach to the problem of man in his relation to society. It performs for the State of Vermont its historical function, and is the Official state historical society, occupying quarters in the State Library and Supreme Court Building, where it maintains its library, manuscript collections, and the State Museum.

It is supported both by state appropriation and by private endowment. Bequests and gifts, either of funds, of books and manuscripts, or of relics, are welcomed. The Society, through its educational activities, its publications, and its program of preservation of historical materials, serves a membership of over 1000 as well as the citizens of Vermont. Its resources are open to any serious student between the hours of 8 A.M. and 4:30 P.M., except Saturdays and Sundays.

You and your friends are cordially invited to join the Society and thereby further its aims and objectives. Information about membership requirements and classifications will be forwarded promptly and gladly.

New Series • *Price 75 cents* • Vol. xix No. 1

VERMONT *Quarterly*

A MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

January 1951

The PROCEEDINGS *of the*

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

COPYRIGHT 1951 BY THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Contents

Page

THE BENNINGTON BATTLE MONUMENT. *Frontispiece* . . . 4
Illustration by Edward M. Sanborn

VERMONT AT BULL RUN 5
By William R. Folsom

A VERMONT SKETCHBOOK 22
1. The Mummy of Middlebury *by* William Hazlett Upson
2. Uncle Watt and the Long Ago *by* Loyal Stephen Fox
3. History of Fort Ethan Allen *by* Colonel Walter H. Tenney 4. The Derivation of the Name Equinox *by* E. Parmalee Prentice

FOLKLORE DEPARTMENT. Leon W. Dean, *Editor* 35

PAGES FROM THE PAST: A Department 43
1. Selections from *A Narrative of a Tour through the State of Vermont from April 27 to June 12 1789 by The Rev. Nathan Perkins of Hartford*

POSTSCRIPT 58

EDITORIAL BOARD
Dr. Arthur W. Peach, Editor; Madelyn S. Davidson, Assistant Editor

CONTRIBUTING AND ADVISORY EDITORS
Leon W. Dean, Ralph Nading Hill, Waldo F. Glover, Mary G. Nye, Vrest Orton, Dana Doten, W. E. Aiken

Vermont Quarterly: A Magazine of History, published at 305 St. Paul St., Burlington, Vt., by the Vermont Historical Society. Offices, Library, Reading-room, and Museum, State Library Building, Montpelier, Vermont.

All correspondence of whatever nature should be addressed to The Vermont Historical Society, Montpelier, Vermont. Telephone—1500—extension 39. Correspondence and manuscripts are welcomed.

Re-entered as second-class matter, April 21, 1950, at the Post Office in Burlington, Vt., under the Act of August 24, 1912. One dollar per copy.

The Quarterly and its companion monthly, VHS News and Notes, are sent without charge to all members of the Society. For information regarding memberships see page 59.

THE BENNINGTON BATTLE MONUMENT
BENNINGTON, VERMONT

"Crowned with the snows of countless winters; beautiful in the sunlight and shadows of unnumbered summers; companion of the mountains which look down upon it, whose height it emulates, whose strength it typifies, whose history it declares . . ."

From the Oration at the Dedication of the Monument, August 19, 1891, by U. S. Senator Edward J. Phelps.

VERMONT AT BULL RUN

By William R. Folsom

Vermont has good reason for its pride in its contribution to the Civil War; and this informal, vivid, and sympathetic story of the famous battle, first in terms of its broad phases, and then the specific phase in which Vermont troops had a part, is a graphic picture based on close familiarity with the old battle scenes and the history of the actions fought. Other informal studies of other battles in which Vermonters were involved are in preparation. Editor.

The Vermont troops which took part in the Battle of Bull Run consisted of the 2nd Vermont Volunteer Infantry. If you are inclined to be pessimistic concerning the future of America, it might be well to read the record made by these Vermont boys during four long years of war: the 2nd Vermont was longer in the Service than any other Vermont organization, save one; it fought in almost every battle of the war from Bull Run to Appomattox; it lost forty per cent of its aggregate strength; it was made up of recruits from Burlington, Brattleboro, Montpelier, Vergennes, Waterbury and South Hero; it was commanded by Col. Henry Whiting of Michigan, a West Point graduate, who had served five years on the Northwestern frontier; its Lieutenant Colonel was George J. Stannard of St. Albans; its Chaplain was the Rev. Claudius B. Smith, who had given up his position as Principal of the Literary and Scientific Institute of Brandon, to get into whatever ruckus was going on.

The regiment assembled at Burlington on June 6, 1861, where it remained two weeks; thousands of visitors came to the city to watch the men at drill.

On June 24th, 1861, the regiment started for Washington and the front. On that day Burlington witnessed one of the most stirring parades in its history; headed by a band of twenty-four brass pieces, the regiment swept down Main street, marching "Company front," the ranks filling the street from curb to curb—a flowing river of men, steel-tipped, every man wearing on his cap the Green Mountain Boys' badge, a sprig of evergreen.

Go back in memory to the Psalmist's four-score years, and see these

young Vermont lads (your ancestors) march past; the lean, tanned faces, a little pale, perhaps, as they glimpsed from the corners of their eyes the well-known buildings and the familiar faces of father, mother, sweetheart, friend and neighbor; but with heads erect and shoulders square, they kept step to the stirring rhythm of "John Brown's Body"—the battle hymn of the Union armies. The train shed echoed to the roll of drums and the heavy tramp of the column; 868 officers and men filed into the twenty-four waiting cars. With bells ringing, the two engines sent up clouds of smoke into the clear June sky; the long train drew slowly out of the station and was presently lost to view.

There were songs, jokes and laughter in those queer little cars: the war would be over in ninety days; they would hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree and be back home in time to do the fall plowing. They little realized the months of marching through choking, red dust under a hot southern sky; the months of rain, mud, lice and fleas; the furious rush across smoke-wreathed fields where Death touched friend or comrade on the shoulder; today, these thoughts were not for them; today was their Day of Glory—the first day of the Great Crusade! Yes, old John Brown, your body may lie mouldering in the grave, but your soul still marches on.

Ask the tide why it rises with the moon?
My bones and I have risen, like that tide.

The regiment reached Washington, crossed the Potomac, and went into camp near Alexandria, Virginia. In a few days the 3rd, 4th, and 5th Maine regiments arrived and were brigaded with the 2nd Vermont —all under the command of Col. Oliver O. Howard of the 5th Maine, a West Point graduate, thirty-one years old, subsequently becoming the father of Harry S. Howard of Burlington, well-known to the lawyers of Vermont.

At the end of June, the military situation was like this: a Confederate army of 22,000 men was concentrated at Manassas Junction, 35 miles from Washington, under the command of Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard; another Confederate army of 10,000 men was at Winchester, Virginia, in the Shenandoah Valley some 60 miles from Washington. As both these armies were threatening the Federal Capitol, the Government ordered Gen. Robert Patterson to occupy Harper's Ferry on the Virginia side of the Potomac—50 miles from Washington—to prevent the Confederates from crossing the river at that point and coming down on Washington from the north.

The Union army defending Washington consisted of five Divisions of Infantry—about 35,000 men, under Gen. Irving McDowell, a graduate of West Point and now forty-three years old. He had won honors in the Mexican War and took the place of the General-in-Chief of all the Union armies, Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott, the hero of the Mexican War, now nearly eighty years of age and so infirm as to be unable to take the field.

Popular clamor in the North was for immediate attack on the Rebel forces, so near the capital city. "Forward to Richmond!" cried the *New York Tribune*. "The Rebel congress must not be allowed to meet there on July 20th." "Let us have no more fooling, no more child's play," chimed in the *New York Herald*. "Let us fight."

Unfortunately, both President Lincoln and Gen. Scott yielded to this foolish demand. Gen. McDowell was ordered to march against Gen. Beauregard at Manassas, while Gen. Patterson by threats and feigned attacks would hold the Confederates in the Shenandoah Valley and prevent Gen. Johnson, the Confederate commander, from joining Beauregard.

This scheme looked all right on paper, but it did not work out very well in practice. Gen. Robert Patterson, commanding the Union army at Harper's Ferry, had been a captain in the war of 1812, and was now sixty-nine years old. Naturally, he was slow and timid and quarreled and argued by telegraph with his Commander-in-Chief, General Scott.

"The enemy has stolen no march upon me," wired Grandfather Patterson to Grandfather Scott. "I have kept him actively employed." At that very moment the Confederate Gen. Johnston, a most able officer, was marching across the Blue Ridge mountains, having left a cavalry screen to amuse his ancient adversary. Gen. Johnston reached the railway on the other side of the mountains, piled his men into waiting cars, and reached Manassas just in time to decide the fate of the battle. However, it can be said that old Gen. Patterson had some excuse for his failure: his men were untrained; all were three-month recruits, whose term of enlistment had nearly expired; many were without shoes, and some, said their aged General bitterly, were without pants; surely this last statement would prevent any extended movement in a well-settled community.

At 3 P.M. on July 16th McDowell moved out from Alexandria, across the Potomac from Washington and marched on Centerville, a small hamlet seven miles from Manassas Junction. His orders were to attack the Confederates massed near that place under the command of

Gen. Beauregard. Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard was no mean opponent—an able and experienced officer, second in his class at West Point and a friend of his classmate McDowell. He was Superintendent of West Point when the war broke out, but promptly resigned from the Union Army and was commissioned a Brigadier General in the Rebel army.

Straight west from Centerville—some 3 miles away—a narrow yellow stream, called Bull Run, flows between steep and rocky banks. The Warrenton Turnpike, the main road leading out of Washington, crosses the Run on a stone bridge. Between the stone bridge and the Manassas railway—a distance of about six miles—were six fords; along the west bank of Bull Run and defending these six crossings, lay the Confederate army.

From Washington to Centerville is twenty-two miles. It took the Union army two days to make the journey. The men had been recently organized in brigades, were strangers to each other and to their officers; many of the men had never fired the rifles issued to them.

The Warrenton Turnpike and the sideroads leading to Centerville were crowded with troops those two hot days in July. The march resembled a huge and colorful picnic rather than an army moving into battle; apparently every one in Washington who could rent or borrow a horse or carriage, went along with the army to see the show; Senators, congressmen, governors, ladies of high and low degree, newspaper men, gamblers and actors jammed the roads. As the hot July sun poured down on the marching men, discipline faded away; soldiers threw away their heavy blankets and knapsacks, cursed each other and their officers; at sight of a well or pond, the men promptly broke ranks and crowded and pushed each other to get a drink, while their officers yelled and threatened; others knocked apples off trees, chased chickens and pigs and made a bee line for every blackberry bush in sight. Col. William Tecumseh Sherman, who afterwards became famous in the North and infamous in the South, reported that one of his regiments, the Fire Zouaves of New York, seeing a burning house along the road, promptly told their protesting officers to go to hell and ran over to put out the fire.

As we have said, the Rebel army lay behind Bull Run, its left flank covering the stone bridge on which the Warrenton Turnpike crossed the stream. This was a very strong position and protected the Confederate base of supplies at Manassas Junction as well as the two railroads.

McDowell's plan of battle was an excellent one—on paper. Gen.

Sherman said of it that "it was the best planned but worst fought battle of the Civil War." McDowell knew that his raw troops could never cross Bull Run under fire and storm the Confederate lines. His plan was, therefore, to send one division of 12,000 men straight down the Warrenton Turnpike and threaten the Confederate left at the stone bridge. No real assault, however, was to be made at this point.

About two miles west of Centerville, a little stream, called Cub Run, crosses the Turnpike; just beyond the wooden bridge over this creek, a narrow, twisting country road runs northwest some three miles to a ford over Bull Run. After crossing Bull Run, this road runs south about two miles to the Warrenton Turnpike and continues on to Manassas Junction. This road was known as the Sudley Road and the ford as the Sudley ford.

While the Union Division under Gen. Tyler was threatening the Confederates at the stone bridge, McDowell would order his two other divisions (24,000) to march by way of the narrow, little-used Sudley Road, cross Bull Run at Sudley ford (which was not guarded), come down the other side of Bull Run, and take the Rebels in both flank and rear at the stone bridge. Gen. Tyler would then be able to cross on the bridge; the three Union divisions would be united on the battlefield. The whole Confederate line of battle could be rolled up and defeated, their base of supplies at Manassas captured, and the war would be practically over.

Unfortunately, the well-laid plan went astray. A mile and a half west of Bull Run on the Warrenton Turnpike is a stone house—it stands there to-day; just beyond this house, the little Sudley Road crosses the Turnpike; south of the Turnpike is a flat-topped hill, called the Henry Hill. This is the central point of the coming battle.

The left flank of the Confederate army at the stone bridge was commanded by Col. Nathan G. Evans with a force of 1500 men and two guns.

At 2 A.M., Sunday, July 21, McDowell started his army for Bull Run. All 3 divisions took the same road—the Warrenton Turnpike. There was much confusion in the darkness, and the regiments were slow in forming up. It was 6:30 P.M. before Tyler's division reached the vicinity of the stone bridge and opened fire with his artillery on the Rebels across the stream.

The turning column of two divisions, blocked by Tyler's men in front of them, was delayed nearly two hours; the men became exhausted from the heat, excitement, and loss of sleep. At last, the Turnpike was clear and the column, the men singing "John Brown's

Body," turned off on the narrow road leading north to Sudley ford. It was nine o'clock when the Union advance reached the ford, crossed the stream, and turned south to get in the rear of the Confederates at the stone bridge.

At nine o'clock Gen. Beauregard's signal officer, searching with his glass the woods on the other side of the Run, caught the glitter of bayonets and the flash of sunlight on a brass gun; then he saw batteries and the battle flags moving north toward Sudley ford. He notified Evans at once to look out, that the Yankees were turning his flank. Evans, known for some unexplained reason as "Shanks" Evans, was a little wiry man with a scraggly beard and hard eyes, but he was a quick thinker and instantly made the right decision. We hear little more of Col. Evans during the war, but his prompt action this day saved the Confederate army from destruction. A Confederate picket galloped up, yelling: "They're crossing up at Sudley, a whole mess of 'em, infantry and guns."

Evans had no time to lose. The Union columns were less than two miles away and marching straight down on his rear. He left four companies at the bridge to bluff Tyler, and with the rest of his force—some 1000 men and 2 small guns—moved at double quick and took position on a hill, called Matthews Hill, which overlooks the Sudley Road near the stone bridge on the Turnpike. Presently he saw the long, blue columns coming out of the woods and coming at him down the Sudley Road.

Catching sight of Evans' men in line of battle on the Matthews Hill, the Union advance, under Gen. Burnside, immediately deployed and advanced to the attack. For thirty minutes there was fierce action on the Matthews Hill. The Union soldiers, who had never fired a shot in battle, came on with great courage; the blue lines were half hidden by rolling clouds of smoke; the air was filled with the crash of exploding shells and the roar of rifles. Burnside's regiments charged up the hill, wavered, halted, fired, and fell back. The brigade was repulsed and retired across the Sudley Road to the shelter of the woods where it remained out of action during the rest of the battle.

Help, however, was near at hand. Evans, somewhat demoralized by the fierce fighting, saw the long blue columns of the other divisions coming, and coming fast down the Sudley Road—an overwhelming force with many guns. Among the Union guns were two splendid batteries of the old Regular Army—Griffin's and Ricketts'; they wheeled off the Sudley Road, unlimbered and plastered the Matthews Hill with canister. Evans, clinging desperately to the hill, sent back a

messenger for help. Gen. Bee of South Carolina, hearing the roar of battle upstream beyond the stone bridge, was already on his way toward the fight with his brigade. He took a strong position on the flat-topped Henry Hill, planted his batteries, and sent word to Evans to fall back and join him. Evans, still full of fight, suggested that Bee had better come across the Turnpike and support him on the Matthews Hill. Bee complied and the battle went on with redoubled fury. The Union army was constantly being reinforced; the regiments were still pouring down the Sudley road; battery after battery came galloping into position and opened fire; the little Rebel force became demoralized under the shells and bullets; finally, the men broke and ran, streaming down the hill and across the Turnpike toward the base of the Henry Hill. Gen. Bee, trying vainly to rally the retreating men, saw on the flat top of the hill above him a Confederate brigade in line of battle, supported by guns. "Look, men," he cried. "Look at Jackson, standing there like a stone wall." From this moment, the former college professor, Thomas Jonathan Jackson, became the immortal Stonewall Jackson of the Confederate army.

For a time there was great demoralization among the Confederate troops around the Henry Hill. The victorious Federals were still coming on, but more slowly now, for the men were becoming exhausted from the heat and their long march. The Confederate commander, Gen. Beauregard, galloped up from the lower fords, accompanied by Gen. Johnson, most of whose army had arrived from the railway at Manassas Junction.

Griffin and Ricketts, with their long-ranged, rifled guns, took position on the Matthews Hill and poured a tempest of shells upon the masses of Confederates on the Henry Hill. The Union army was now across the Turnpike; the stone bridge was open; the Confederate left flank had been defeated and rolled up; victory seemed assured; McDowell prepared to storm the Henry Hill. But all this takes time. Regiments were scattered and men out of ranks. Meanwhile, up from the lower fords of Bull Run Confederate reinforcements arrived, hurrying forward to support Jackson on the Henry Hill. That master strategist had at once sized up the situation. He did not form his line of battle on the northern crest of the hill, looking down upon the valley and the Federal army below. Instead he took position on the extreme south end of the Henry Hill, sheltered by a grove of pines; thus he had an open field of fire across the flat top of the hill —some 500 yards. Along the edge of the pine woods, Jackson placed his batteries and calmly awaited the coming assault.

At this point in the fight, McDowell made a fatal mistake: he did not attempt to get around either flank of the Rebel position; instead he chose to make a direct, frontal attack straight up the hill. The assault was made piecemeal, not with successive waves of infantry. Regiment after regiment would charge up the hill, stand and fire for a few moments on the crest, then fall back down the slope under a hail of bullets coming from the pine woods.

On that broad hilltop the blue and gray lines struggled fiercely for its possession, that sultry Sunday afternoon; the two Union batteries of the Regular Army came thundering down the Matthews Hill, crossed the Turnpike and took position on the Henry Hill. Presently they unlimbered again and moved closer to the smoke-wreathed pine woods; their position was exposed, and the men worked furiously to keep down the fire poured upon them. Suddenly, out of the woods a regiment came charging across the field at the guns. Captain Griffin prepared to give them a blast of canister, when an officer cried out to hold fire for they were Union men. This was a fatal error: the regiment was the 33rd Virginia, wearing blue uniforms. When only seventy yards away, the regiment halted and fired a single volley; every man at the guns was shot down and most of the teams killed. A terrible struggle now took place for the possession of these guns. Three times they were taken and retaken.

McDowell, however, was still full of fight; fresh regiments were crowding up the hill, and the Rebels were again driven to the shelter of the pine woods. "All were certain," said McDowell later, "that the day was ours." It is, however, one thing to capture a position and another thing to hold it. The Union infantry had been on its feet, marching and fighting since midnight; the men were getting out of control. At 4 P.M. it was estimated that there were 12,000 Federal soldiers on the battlefield out of ranks. At this moment loud cheers from the enemy announced that the rest of Johnston's army was coming on the field. Beauregard ordered a charge all along the entire line of battle; the long, gray lines swept forward; demoralization in the Union ranks increased; detachments began leaving the field, paying no attention to the frantic orders and appeals of their officers. McDowell still had Howard's brigade. He ordered it forward up the hill in a last, desperate attempt to save the day. Howard's men went bravely forward through the masses of retreating and demoralized men and reached the crest of the hill. After twenty minutes of fierce firing, they were outflanked and swept off the hill. The Rebels rushed forward, manned the captured guns and turned them on the crowded

mass of fugitives in the valley below. The retreat turned into a panic, and it was every man for himself. The army became a mob of frightened men. The fact that most of them fled along the Sudley Road, taking the six-mile detour to get across Bull Run, instead of following the Turnpike across the stone bridge, scarcely a mile away, showed something of the extent of the rout and panic. The Rebel cavalry pursued the fleeing army, taking many prisoners. A rebel battery was rushed forward and shelled the Turnpike, jammed with fleeing soldiers, sightseers, congressmen, baggage and ammunition wagons, and ambulances. A shell burst on the bridge over Cub Run, blocking the Turnpike. Here the Governor of Connecticut was caught in the underbrush and taken prisoner.

Among those who fled along the Turnpike towards Centerville were Senators Trumbull and Grimes. As they were finishing their lunch near a farmhouse, a great racket was heard; down the road came a mass of wagons, horses, men on foot, in full flight. They mounted their horses and galloped to the Turnpike. Here they were caught up in the flowing torrent and borne along to Centerville. "Many soldiers," said Trumbull, "threw away their guns and knapsacks. It was the most shameful rout you can conceive." "Thousands of axes, shovels and boxes of ammunition littered the road."

William H. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*, had driven from Washington to Centerville to see the battle. This is his vivid description of what he saw:

"My attention was attracted by loud shouts in advance and I perceived several wagons coming from the direction of the battlefield. The drivers of which were endeavoring to force their horses past the ammunition carts, going in the contrary directions. A thick cloud of dust rose behind them and running by the side of the wagons were a number of men in uniform. Every moment the crowd increased; drivers and men cried out: 'Turn back; turn back; we are whipped.' I got out of the road into a cornfield, through which men were hastily walking or running, their faces streaming with perspiration and generally without arms—the ground strewn with coats, blankets, fire-locks, cooking tins, caps, belts, bayonets.

"The scene on the road now assumed an aspect which has not a parallel in any description I have ever read. Infantry soldiers on mules or draught horses, with the harness clinging to their heels, negro servants on their masters' chargers, ambulances crowded with unwounded soldiers, wagons swarming with men who threw out the contents in the road—grinding through a shouting, screaming mass

of men on foot, who were literally yelling with rage at every halt, shrieking out: 'Here are the cavalry!' "

Russell reached Washington in safety and went to bed. In the morning this is what he saw: "I awoke from a deep sleep about 6 o'clock; the rain was falling in torrents with a dull thudding sound outside my windows, but louder than all, came a strange sound as of the tread of men—a confused tramp and splashing and a murmur of voices. I got up and ran to the front room. To my intense surprise I saw a steady stream of men, covered with mud, soaked through with rain, who were pouring, without any semblance of order up Pennsylvania Avenue—a dense stream of vapor rose from the multitude. Many of them were without knapsacks, cross belts and fire locks; some had neither great coats, nor shoes; others were covered with blankets."

Such, in brief, is the story of Bull Run. Let us now take up the part played by the Vermont troops in the battle.

The 2nd Vermont reached the vicinity of Centerville July 18th and went into camp. They stayed there two days while McDowell was feeding his army and examining the country. The delay was fatal, for it gave time for Gen. Johnston to join the main Confederate army at Manassas.

Food was scarce in the Vermont camp; men, wandering about off duty, caused some casualties among the chicken population on nearby farms (but we won't go into that).

The night before the battle the Vermont boys lay in their tents, but few of them, I think, were sleeping. There was a pale moon that night, and the grass about the tents wet with a heavy dew. Above them on the ridge, candles shown through the headquarters tent where McDowell and his officers were completing plans for tomorrow's battle. How would it feel to be under fire? How many boys would come back to these tents when night came? No one knew. Then came visions of home: father coming in from the barn with a pail of milk, mother busy over the stove, the girls setting the kitchen table while old Rover sat on his haunches at the gate, watching for some one who had not come home. All this seemed so far away—a different world from this queer country; dirty, yellow brooks, strange woods, not a maple or beech anywhere; long, low ridges with wide valleys between; tumble-down, wooden houses; no men folks around, only a few old women, who chewed tobacco and snarled at the blue uniforms, tramping by in the red dust; a bunch of negro children, running

frantically for the slave quarters, as the long column came round a curve in the road.

The moon sank behind a ridge; the black sky turned a dull gray in the East. Suddenly, all through the camps sounded the shrill notes of bugles—Reveille—it was half past two in the morning.

Too excited and impatient to cook breakfast, Howard's men formed ranks in the darkness; this was a slow job and caused much confusion.

It would seem, as has been suggested, that McDowell made a bad mistake at the start in attempting to move his three divisions on the same road at the same time. Tyler's Division, which was to lead the advance, was late in getting on the road, and the two divisions behind him became badly mixed and were forced to wait for hours until Tyler's men had passed beyond the narrow road, leading upstream to Sudley ford. It was 7 o'clock before the 2nd Vermont moved at all. They left their tents standing and with their rifles, equipment, and forty rounds of ammunition per man, started on the long detour to reach the battlefield. A burning red sun was pouring down its rays from a cloudless sky; heat, dust and excitement took their toll, and the men began showing signs of exhaustion.

Two or three miles east of Centerville, Howard's Brigade filed off the Warrenton Turnpike into the Sudley ford road. When the column reached a blacksmith shop about a mile up this road, the brigade was halted by orders of McDowell who feared the Rebels might cross the Run at the lower fords and strike the turning column in flank and rear.

For over four hours the Vermont men waited with growing impatience, listening to the roar of gunfire across the Run. It was between 12 and 1 o'clock when orders came to Col. Howard to march his brigade straight to the battlefield, but the officer guiding the column led them clear around by Sudley Ford an extra six miles.

It was midday and the heat terrific. McDowell's order read: "Have the men move at double time." Nothing could have been more senseless. Only the strongest could stand the pace in the heat and dust, loaded down with rifle, canteen, blanket and haversack. "When we reached the Run," said Col. Howard, "at least half my men were absent." Men fainted and fell along the road, bleeding at nose and ears.

The 2nd Vermont splashed across the Sudley ford (no time for a drink of the yellow water) and turned south on the Sudley Road straight for the flaming Henry Hill, only two miles away; there they met the backwash of a defeated army. It was 3 o'clock. Suddenly they found themselves in the midst of horrors: men with bloody

bandages around their heads; men with broken arms and legs, helped along by white-faced comrades; men bleeding and dying in the long grass; dead and wounded horses along the road, overhead the air filled with screaming shells from the Rebel batteries on the Henry Hill.

Under McDowell's orders to support Ricketts' battery on the Henry Hill, Col. Howard deployed his brigade in the shelter of a little ravine near the Dogan house—a farmhouse just off the Warrenton Turnpike. The 2nd Vermont and the 5th Maine formed the front line.

"When forming," said Col. Howard, "I stationed myself on horseback so that the men marching by twos, should pass me. I closely observed them; most were pale and thoughtful; many looked up into my face and smiled."

At their Colonel's command, the long blue line went forward up the slope of the Henry Hill. When they reached the summit, a broad, open field opened before them. The 2nd Vermont was the first regiment on the crest. Two or three hundred yards away at the edge of the woods and behind a rail fence was the Confederate line of battle. In front of the Vermont line Cap't. Griffin lay desperately wounded beneath his gallant guns. They were deserted now. Demoralized groups of Union soldiers were falling back over the hill. Shells fell here and there on the Vermont line (nothing is more terrifying and demoralizing than shell fire upon raw troops); there was blood and death where they fell; Cap't. Benjamin was instantly killed and nine or ten men were wounded. The 2nd Vermont opened fire.

"Enemy battery in front," said Col. Howard in his official report, "and some musket shots caused first annoyance; soon another battery, off to our right, increased the danger; worse than the batteries, showers of musket balls from the woods—200 yards away—made warm work for new men. Those unhit stood well for a time until they had delivered 15 to 20 rounds per man. We found no battery to support," he added bitterly, "but were thrust into an engagement against Confederate infantry and artillery. After the first line had been formed and was hard at work, I brought up the second line . . . the 2nd Vermont was ordered to withdraw and form a reserve. It was a hot place: every enemy battery shot produced confusion, and, as a rule, our enemy could not be seen.

"Soon the breakages were beyond repair. Many officers labored to keep their men together, but I saw could effect nothing under fire. At last, I ordered all to fall back to the valley and re-form. Our men, at the start, moving back slowly, soon broke up their company

formations and continued to retreat—not at first in a panicky manner, but steadily—each according to his own sweet will.

"Before many minutes, it was evident that a panic had seized all the troops within sight. A final Confederate fire came upon our right flank just before the retreat. This fire was from Kirby Smith, who had come from the cars . . . some of our men had glimpses of bright bayonets a few hundred yards away above the low bushes.

"Cap't. Heath of the 3rd Maine walked for some time by my horse and shed tears as he talked to me: 'My men will not stay together, Colonel; they will not obey me.' Nothing influenced the fleeing crowds except panicky cries like: 'The enemy is upon us—we shall all be taken.'

"Curiously enough, the unreasoning multitude—instead of taking the short road to Centerville, went back the long, seven mile route, exposing themselves every moment to death or capture. One foolish cry, 'The Black Horse Cavalry are upon us,' sent the men in disorder into the neighboring woods. Then I stopped all efforts, but sent out this message to every Vermont and Maine man within reach:—'To the old camp at Centerville.' No organization was effected before we reached camp. There a good part of my Brigade assembled and we remained in camp about one hour. Word was brought me that McDowell's entire army was retreating toward Washington. It was some small satisfaction to march at the head of my Brigade, *in good order*, even though it was in retreat. We halted at Fairfax Court House and lay on our arms till morning. I continued the march at daylight toward the Potomac. Four miles out, we were met by trains and taken to Alexandria. It was, at least, 2 weeks after our Bull Run panic before much reliance could be placed upon our troops. The Brigade had 50 killed—115 wounded and 180 missing."

Look back through the mists of eighty years: your hearts will beat high with pride and your eyes, perhaps, dim as you read how those raw, Vermont soldiers endured that dreadful day of disaster and defeat. It was a regiment of young men—most of them mere boys. They had known little of death, and then only the peaceful death of old age—inevitable and perhaps not unwelcome. Here on the Henry Hill, Death came in his most terrible form, where, in an instant, friend or neighbor was blown to pieces before their very eyes.

We learn from the lips of their own Colonel how these young lads, with faces pale and drawn, marched unflinchingly into the smoking inferno of the Henry Hill. General Howard—whose presence on nearly every major battlefield of the Civil War and the loss of an arm

in action, reflect his personal fearlessness—recalled in after years how his knees quivered against his horse's sides; how he whispered a brief prayer before riding out from the line and leading the way up the Henry Hill.

The 2nd Vermont maintained its organization (it was the only regiment of Howard's Brigade to do so) until after it had recrossed the Turnpike and reached the jumbled mass of guns, ambulances and wagons on the Sudley Road; here blind panic prevailed and it was every man for himself until the exhausted troops reached Centerville.

Thirty-one Vermont men were captured by the Confederate cavalry—21 of these were wounded—3 died of their wounds in prison.

The prisoners captured at Bull Run (numbering about 1000) were marched from the battlefield seven miles to Manassas Junction over a road choked with dust. When they reached the Junction, rain began to fall. They were herded into an open lot, where, in total blackness, and without blankets or covering, they passed the night. Arriving in Richmond the following night, they were marched through the streets to a large brick building, known as Liggon and Company's tobacco factory.

Two months after the Battle of Bull Run, the 2nd-3rd-4th-5th and 6th Vermont Regiments were formed into a brigade, known as the "Vermont Brigade"—the only brigade in the Union army permanently known by the name of its state.

If anyone feels doubtful of the ability of the present generation of Vermonters to meet the frightful conditions of modern, mechanized warfare, he should not lose sleep over it; men with the blood of the Vermont Brigade in their veins can be relied upon to do their duty on land or sea, under the sea, or in the air.

The 2nd Vermont took part in the desperate rear action in the swamps of the Chickahominy, where McClellan's great Army of the Potomac met crushing defeat; with fixed bayonets it swept through the fields of yellow corn at Antietam, where Stonewall Jackson's thin and valiant lines stood fast at the little Dunker church; it stormed the heights of Fredericksburg, where 12,000 blue soldiers died in front of the sunken road on Marye's Heights; it lay in line of battle in the woods about Chancellorsville that calm, spring evening, when the leaves hung motionless and the birds were still; they heard that peaceful quietude shattered by the crashing roar of guns, rolling volleys of rifle fire, and the wild yells of Stonewall Jackson's men, as they came like a tornado through the forest and crushed the flank of the Union army; all one hot July day it marched at terrific speed over

the rolling Pennsylvania hills (30 miles they marched that day) under a broiling sun and at nightfall reached a rocky ridge and saw below them the little town of Gettysburg; the next day they helped hold that ridge and save the Republic from destruction; from that ridge they saw their comrades of the 1st Vermont Cavalry ride to their death in a charge, matching in heroic sacrifice that of the "Light Brigade" of glorious memory.

The 2nd Vermont crouched in its smouldering trenches the morning after that first, fierce clash in the Wilderness. Grant was striving to break through Lee's lines to Richmond. Lee, waiting until the Union army was deep in the forest, made a fierce attack on the blue columns as they marched along the narrow, wood roads. A strange place for a great battle. Thick woods everywhere; jack pines and scrub oak, mingled with a great tangle of bushes, vines and creepers. Forcing their way through this snarl, the Union Divisions came face to face with the Rebel battle-line. The fighting lasted for days; Grant's losses were appalling—so frightful that he was termed "Butcher Grant." Look at the old Civil War Monuments on Vermont village greens, and you will realize how many men of the Vermont Brigade perished in the gloomy shades of the Wilderness.

On a spring morning in the year of '65, the 2nd Vermont lay in camp on a wooded ridge. Below them was a narrow valley, through which a small, swift stream flowed, its clear waters flashing and sparkling in the sun light. On their side of the river they looked down upon a tiny cross-road hamlet, with its Court House, jail and weather-beaten houses. It was a typical spring day in Virginia with showers and sunshine and sharp gusts of wind. It was good to be alive on a day like this; the woods and fields were gay with dogwood and azalea and up from the good earth came the smell of growing things.

Then, in the valley below, the bugles sounded; a long line of blue infantry took position along the road side—the ranks extending from the river up the slope to the Court House.

The 2nd Vermont had experienced hard marching and hard fighting before Lee's exhausted and starving brigades had been headed off and surrounded at this little village of Appomattox Court House.

Yesterday had been a great day: they had seen an old, gray-bearded, Confederate officer—he of the gentle heart and fine sense of honor—riding up the village street on his way to meet a little, brown-bearded man in a muddy blue uniform—with the stars of a Lieutenant General on his shoulders. Then the news spread like wild fire through the camps: General Lee had surrendered to General Grant. With this news,

however, came an order from Headquarters: "A brave enemy has surrendered; cheering and the firing of salutes are expressly forbidden."

Winding down the narrow, red clay road, on the farther side of the little river, the Vermont soldiers beheld the saddest, the most pathetic military parade their eyes would ever see—a long gray column—infantry and guns; it splashed across the Appomatox and came slowly up the road leading to the Court House.

As the head of the Confederate column reached the right of the Union line, deployed along the roadside, a trumpet broke the silence; the blue ranks flashed into action, as the men snapped their rifles forward to a "Present Arms"—the salute of honor to their ancient foe.

The Vermont Brigade looked upon the scene, but with no sense of exultation. There was nothing but pity in their hearts, as through the soft April mist, the ghost of the Confederate army drifted by: the shuffling, rag-bound feet; the torn and muddy uniforms; the white-faced, weary men; the gaunt and feeble horses; the tattered flags; the rusty guns.

The shadowy remnants of their old enemies filed past: Gordon and Longstreet; Anderson and Pickett; they turn off into an old field near the Court House and here the war-weary ranks lay down their arms.

We believe in our hearts that, to every Vermont soldier who witnessed this scene, that field was more than an ancient clearing, hewn by the hand of man from the surrounding forest. To them, it was a field of the Spirit—consecrated to courage; to patient devotion; to loyalty, even unto the end.

The great Civil War was over; the words of the Scripture fulfilled: "Every drop of blood, drawn by the lash, had been repaid by one drawn by the sword." With their duty done, the Vermont soldiers turned their faces north to their own beloved Hills.

Did these men in their later years—when the War was nothing but memories—wonder if the War had been, indeed, the triumphant victory in which they had rejoiced so long ago? The South prostrate and ruined; her great plantations weed-grown and desolate; her railways mere red streaks through the tall grass; the social system under which her people had lived so long and happily, dead at Appomattox. Graft and corruption had raised their evil heads with the coming of the "Carpetbagger" and the dishonest politician from the North.

Did the War settle the negro problem? Far from it; the negro people were bewildered and demoralized by their release from slavery. Freedom, to their primitive minds, was just a word—without meaning or comprehension.

Perhaps the men of the Vermont Brigade thought in their secret hearts, what was the use of all their blood and tears and suffering and sacrifice? When did war ever bring good to a Nation, or to a man's soul?

And now, when all bitterness and hatred and passion are gone and the great Civil War is but a fading memory, perhaps the good God, in his appointed time, will call these Vermont soldiers back from the earth in which they lie, that they may look upon the thousands of earnest, ambitious young colored men and women, going in and out of their great Institutions of Learning (Hampton-Tuskegee-Howard), eager to fit themselves to carry the torch of knowledge to the under-privileged members of their race; to give them, in turn, a place where the mind may be trained—the character broadened—the heart uplifted, through Science and Art and Music.

Perhaps the Great God may permit these spirits of a bygone war to hear the most glorious contralto voice in America—that of Marion Anderson—a negro girl; to listen to the haunting pathos of the matchless voice of Roland Hayes—a negro lad.

And then, at long last, to these Vermont soldiers, who fought the good fight, will come a realization that all their suffering and hardship were not in vain. To these men the old, marching song they sang so joyfully, as they tramped along the red clay roads of Virginia, will have a new and deeper meaning:

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the Sea.
With a glory in His Bosom that transfigures you and me,
As He died to make men holy—let us die to make men free.

A VERMONT SKETCHBOOK

Informal sketches and articles with a Vermont historical basis are welcomed for this department.—EDITOR.

1. THE MUMMY OF MIDDLEBURY *by* WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

IN THE old West cemetery in Middlebury you will find a simple stone with an astonishing inscription.

You notice the almost unpronounceable name of an unknown foreigner, and the date—1883. The unknown foreigner is described as the son of a King of Egypt. "Aged 2 years," says the inscription. This is mystery enough, but what really stops you is a second look at the date. It is 1883 B. C.!

Making the one-year subtraction for figuring the years back from Anno Domini to Before Christ, you suddenly realize that here, in a New England graveyard, you are looking at a tombstone which dates back 3832 years. This phenomenon upsets all the history you have ever read.

How did the two-year-old son of an Egyptian King get to Vermont? How did he happen to be buried in Middlebury's old West cemetery? Is the inscription true, or false?

Mr. George Walcott Mead, who is a veteran of the Spanish American War, a member of the Vermont Historical Society, and formerly chairman of the board of trustees of Middlebury's Sheldon Museum, can answer your question. Mr. Mead knows the facts.

The best available evidence indicates that the young Egyptian prince actually died in the year 1883 B. C. The mummified remains were placed in a tomb from which they were stolen about a hundred years ago by a band of Arab grave robbers.

The Arabs sold the mummy in Cairo to a group of Spanish traders. The Spaniards brought it to New York city, where it was bought, about the year 1886 A. D., by Mr. Henry Sheldon.

At that time, Mr. Sheldon was very busy developing in his home town of Middlebury, the Sheldon museum which has later become nationally famous for its collection of early Americana.

Unfortunately, the New England climate did not agree with the visitor from the Mediterranean. The sarcophagus started to disintegrate, and somebody stored the little prince in an attic.

In 1945, when Mr. Mead was chairman of the Museum Board, and Miss Florence Allen the curator, it was found that the mummy was in sorry disrepair. Mr. Mead, who was for many years senior warden of the Episcopal church, is a gentlemen of the old school who believes in the fundamental decencies.

"This," he said, "was once a human being. It is fitting and proper that it should have a Christian burial."

The little prince was accordingly taken to the old Logan House, where the owner, Mr. Leonard Zeeman, cremated the remains. Mr. Mead dug a hole in his lot in the old West cemetery and poured in the ashes—all but a final handful which he ceremoniously cast to the winds.

Fortunately, this reverent but informal funeral occurred in Vermont, where the law is administered with common sense, rather than literal rigidity. No police officer arrived to demand a death certificate signed by the last attending physician. Nobody asked for a burial permit.

After the funeral, Mr. Mead erected a suitable stone. The cross at the top is there because the grave is in a Christian cemetery. The figure on the left which looks like a T with a circle on top is the Egyptian hieroglyphic symbol for life. The bird on the right is the symbol for the soul. The two together mean that the soul of the little prince has entered into eternal life. The names and the date were taken from marking on the mummy case, translated into English, and verified by experts in New York.

This explains why Middlebury's West cemetery has a grave dating back 3832 years. And you will understand why the grave is still cared for by a native Vermonter—Mr. George Walcott Mead.

[THIS ARTICLE IS REPRINTED FROM *The Ford Times*, DECEMBER 1950 ISSUE, WITH PERMISSION OF THE *Times* AND THE AUTHOR.]

2. UNCLE WATT AND THE LONG AGO *by* LOYAL STEPHEN FOX

This sketch made us lonesome and homesick for a Vermont farm we knew long ago and the life there. We hope it gives many readers a severe attack of nostalgia.—EDITOR.

TO THE half-teen age boy the day begins with breakfast, but Uncle Watt has been up hours earlier, almost since daybreak. Milking and other chores done, they gather around the morning table—the family: Uncle Watt, Aunt Bell, the cousins, the boy's mother and the boy, the hired girl, and the hired man. For the hired help are, too, a

part of the family. The boy and his mother are there only for the long summer vacation while the school in the great city is closed.

Breakfast begins with the asking of God's blessing, and ends more likely than not with apple pie. From the shelf above Uncle Watt takes down the well-worn Bible. The steel-rimmed reading glasses match his whitening hair. Comfortable in the high-back rocker, he opens the Book at the marker to read the daily chapter. All the others have pushed their chairs back from the table. The reading ends; all kneel facing the chairs while Uncle Watt offers prayers; then all join in the Lord's Prayer. The day's labors—the day's pleasures—begin.

For the boy it is a happy time, and happy now to look back upon over half a hundred years. A time for such tasks as a small boy could handle; the woodbox to fill, the chickens to feed, the milk pails to carry. Small chores, soon done, and plenty of time for play; to roam the farm acres, follow cow paths that never seem to lead anywhere, explore the woodlot, crawl under the corn crib for some wayward hen's eggs. Or maybe the lumber, triangular-piled for drying, becomes a fort to be defended from a make-believe Indian raid.

Then there are the trips to the post office and general store—no rural delivery then. Sometimes sacks of grain to be dropped at the old mill on the island between the two covered bridges, and sacks of meal to be picked up on the way back. Or a trip to Middlebury—five miles away—which takes most of the day.

One summer's day there is the Sunday School picnic to Lake Dunmore; the tables heaped with all manner of good eating, the swimming, the rowboats from Waterhouse's to cross the lake. Then the climb to Ethan Allen's cave and to the Cascades, or perhaps up mighty Mooslamoo to see with the eyes of a bird this gem of Vermont lakes.

Saturday night the kitchen at Uncle Watt's is the arena of great activity, but without an audience. The wood-fired range is going at full heat, its top covered with wash-boiler and pails. These and the reservoir are filled with water, now steaming, which has been hauled up by pail on rope-end through a trap door in the kitchen floor from the gloomy depths of the huge cistern below. The wooden wash-tub holds the place of honor, and on the seat of a nearby chair are soap, wash cloths, and towels. The boy scrubs his skin shining clean, and scampers off to bed.

Sunday is the day of devotion. The meeting-house is in the valley; the steeple cannot be seen, but the bell rings out to call the flock from near and far. Sunday meeting in the warmth of August is to the boy

a time of sternly enforced quietude. The young minister in his first pulpit expounds the Gospel, striving to attain dignity without sacrificing understanding. The boy doesn't grasp much of the sermon, for it is beyond his limited lexicon. He squirms. Sections of floor boards between the pews are hinged, swinging upward for heat from the stove below in winter, and for ventilation in summer. The boy scans the Sunday School room below through these slots. His attention shifts to the ceiling, then wanders through the windows. He wriggles, and his mother touches him on the knee. He is quiet for a little time. He wonders why they always have to sit way up in front. It wouldn't be quite so bad in the back where he could see the other people. But Uncle Watt is a deacon. At last the services are finished and he is outside, happy because he can run and jump.

Back at Uncle Watt's there is a gala Sunday dinner—chicken and biscuits topped off with shortcake of biscuit dough layered thick with strawberries and almost saturated with melted butter and sugar. Sunday is the day of rest—except for the stomach.

The event of summer is camp-meeting at Spring Grove campground. Horse-motive conveyances of every description, filled with men, women, children, bedding, food, and clothing concentrate on Spring Grove. Rutland railroad trains make special stops. In a single day the campground springs from forest silence to teeming life. The little rustic cottages are refurbished for temporary living; the white canvas top is spread over the great meeting-place where all activities center. From daylight to darkness the revivalists exhort the multitude, and many are those who go forward to repent and be saved.

Uncle Watt's parting message to the boy—then several years older—was the simple but potent, "Be good."

Spring Grove has reverted to the forest and is difficult to find today. The post office and general store and the grist mill are no more, and the two covered bridges have given way to modern steel. The village meeting-house still stands, but no longer shelters worshipers. Of Uncle Watt's home—the scene of so many happy summers for the boy—only a forlorn cellar-hole remains. And Uncle Watt sleeps the long, peaceful sleep in the little burying-ground up on the hill in Weybridge.

We asked Mr. Fox to indicate the time and place elements in his sketch; and he very willingly did so.—EDITOR.

1. 1897–1893, when I was 6–12 years old.

2. The village was Weybridge Village, sometimes called Quaker Village to distinguish it from Weybridge Hill.

3. Uncle Watt was just a plain farmer, fairly well fixed, but by no means wealthy.

4. He was Watson C. Sturtevant, born, lived all his life, and died in Weybridge. He was at one time a State Representative for the town. He lived approximately 1845–1915.

5. In Weybridge Village, Otter Creek separates into two channels, and the road leading to Vergennes passes over the island thus formed. In the old days there were two covered bridges, but over ten years ago these were replaced by steel bridges. There was an old grist mill on this island.

6. The meeting house referred to was the Methodist Episcopal Church.

7. Spring Grove campground was in New Haven township, near Brooksville. See American Guide Series, *Vermont Guide*, p. 284.

8. Self? Born 1891, Rutland. Soon moved to Middlebury. Started grammar school there, but almost at once family "emigrated" to this vicinity, and has been here most of the time since. Spend much spare time in Vermont, and there are few places there that I have not visited. Expect to retire there before too much longer. Refer VHS *Quarterly*, July, 1944; also *Vermont Life*, Spring, 1949.

3. HISTORY OF FORT ETHAN ALLEN *by* COLONEL WALTER H. TENNY

The Fort at the head of Lake Champlain which has been for centuries an invasion and battle route should have a complete history, well-illustrated, and, some day, no doubt, it will have. Colonel Tenney's brief article gives us the much needed factual basis.—EDITOR.

IN THE YEAR 1609, Samuel de Champlain, sailing up the Richelieu River from the St. Lawrence, came to its source and discovered the lake which now bears his name. Since that time, in three successive wars in which this country has been engaged, this section of its territory became the scene of military and naval operations occasioned by the easy access afforded to the invader by the natural features of the route originally followed by the first white man. For this reason, it has always seemed expedient to provide for the stationing of small bodies of regular soldiers in the lower part of the Champlain Valley, to provide for the defense against a possible invader from abroad by forbidding to him the use of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries in penetrating the continent. And so there have been established by the

War Department, Plattsburg Barracks on the New York shore, and Fort Ethan Allen, almost directly across the lake, in Vermont.

Upon the recommendation of Senator Redfield Proctor of Vermont, who had recently been Secretary of War, and was familiar with the military situation, Congress authorized the Secretary of War "to establish a military post at a point near the northern frontier, where he may, in his judgment, deem it for the public good; provided that suitable land for the purpose is donated free of cost to the United States and that the title shall be declared valid by the Attorney General." When this law passed, gentlemen of Vermont who had secured the option on six hundred acres of land near Essex Junction, offered this as a place for the location of the Post. Money was secured from the annual appropriations for the Army to start buildings for four troops of cavalry, including those needed for the quarters of the officers of the squadron and for storage and administration purposes.

Fort Ethan Allen was established as a permanent Army Post in March, 1893, with Captain Guy Howard as Constructing Quartermaster. Six hundred acres of land for the Post were secured from a number of local residents by Special Act of Congress in 1892. In 1896 condemnation proceedings provided 190 acres. The original Federal Reservation was located near the boundaries between the towns of Winooski, Essex Junction and Colchester, as a Cavalry outpost about six miles from the City of Burlington and about the same distance from Lake Champlain. It was named for the leader of the famous Green Mountain Boys in Revolutionary War times, who is buried in the Green Mount Cemetery in Burlington.

The present reservation covers about 800 acres, equally divided between open ground and heavily wooded area, and fronts along the Winooski River to the southeast. State Highway 15 passes along the front of the Post near the Winooski River for about 1500 yards, and U. S. Highways 2 and 7 form the western boundary. To the southwest lies Winooski Park which contains St. Michael's College and Fanny Allen Hospital as its principal features.

The open territory southwest of the main post contains the old mounted drill field and small arms target ranges, and the site of a former concurrent camp for civilian components. Also, Camp Johnson (90 acres).

One of the early edifices constructed was the Post Water Tower, completed in 1894, which is a prominent landmark for many miles. It is built of native Vermont gray stone, and from its gallery, 80 feet above the ground, may be viewed a beautiful landscape in the

deep Winooski River Valley to the southeast with its imposing background of the Green Mountains. From this tower also may be obtained a remarkable view of the broadest part of Lake Champlain and the Adirondack Mountains in New York State.

The first garrison in the Post consisted of Troops "C," "E," "F" and "G" of the Third Cavalry, commanded by Major L. T. Morris, which arrived September 28 and 29, 1894. They were sent here from a camp near Chicago where they were part of the large force of troops which had done good work in restoring order and protecting property during the famous railroad strikes which occurred in that year. These troops remained here until 1898. In this year, the reservation was used as a mobilization camp for troops of the Vermont National Guard before their departure for the south, and later, upon their return, for demobilization. The 2nd Cavalry was stationed here from 1900 to 1903, being replaced by the 1st and 3rd Squadrons of the 15th Cavalry from 1903 to 1906, and the 23rd and 27th Batteries of Field Artillery from 1903 to 1907. The 2nd Squadron of the 15th Cavalry was at this Post from 1904 and the 1st Squadron of the 11th Cavalry from 1906, both being replaced in 1909 by the 10th (colored) Cavalry. In 1913, the 2nd Cavalry relieved the 10th, but its 2nd Squadron left in 1915. In 1917 the second and third squadrons of this regiment formed the 18th and 19th regiments, which later became the 76th and 77th Field Artillery regiments respectively. During this period, covering our participation in the First World War, Fort Ethan Allen, like all Posts and camps in the country, was the scene of much activity. Housing facilities and camping space were taxed to the utmost. State troops, later forming part of the 26th Division, were encamped to the southwest. The new field artillery organizations left the same year they were organized. In 1918, the 2nd Cavalry created another regiment, the 310th, and then left the Post. This new regiment was later transformed into the 20th Field Artillery Brigade and left for Camp Jackson, South Carolina.

The 1st Squadron, 3rd Cavalry, arrived at the Post in 1919 and remained until September 1940, when it rejoined the remainder of the Regiment at Fort Myer, Virginia.

The 7th Field Artillery Regiment was stationed here from 1922 until September 30, 1940. However, during October 1939, the 2nd Battalion was sent to Puerto Rico and shortly after arrival was redesignated the 2nd Battalion, 25th Field Artillery, while the 1st Battalion, 25th Field Artillery, Madison Barracks, N. Y., was redesignated the 2nd Battalion, 7th F. A. This latter Battalion joined the

remainder of the 7th F. A. while on maneuvers in the South and upon returning took station at this Post. During the summer of 1940 the 3rd Battalion was activated by transfers from the other Battalions and by original enlistments. On October 1, 1940 the 7th Regiment was transformed into the 7th, 32nd and 33rd Field Artillery Battalions in order to create the 1st Division Artillery. On February 12, 1941 the 1st Division Artillery departed for Fort Devens, Massachusetts, upon the concentration of the entire 1st Division at that place. The former 7th Field Artillery Band remained here until May 15, 1941 and, on that date, proceeded to Pine Camp, N. Y., where it was redesignated the 66th Field Artillery Band.

The 3rd Battalion, 13th Infantry, was stationed at the Post from 1928 to 1931.

Company A, 84th Quartermaster Battalion, was activated at this station during the summer of 1940.

On February 18, 1941, Headquarters and Headquarters Battalion 71st Field Artillery Brigade (NYNG) arrived at the Post accompanied by two of its three organizations, the 187th and the 258th F. A. Regiments. On June 2, 1941 the 258th F. A. and the 186th F. A. at Madison Barracks, N. Y., accomplished a mutual change of station.

The 47th Ordnance Service Company arrived at this station on October 9, 1941 from Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Maryland.

On December 15, 1941, the 771st Tank Destroyer Battalion was activated at this station. Batteries G and H of the 186th and 187th Field Artillery Regiments, respectively, were used as a nucleus for this organization.

In 1942 the garrison consisted of the 1110th Corps Area Service Unit; Detachments 1st Ordnance Service and 3rd Signal Service Companies; the 71st Field Artillery Brigade (less the 258th F. A.); the 771st Tank Destroyer Battalion; Company A, 84th Quartermaster Battalion and the 47th Ordnance Company.

The construction of the garrison went through several principal phases, notably 1893–1898, 1904–05, 1930–35, and from 1939 to 1942. The latter period covered the largest single project since the original project was completed in 1898, (CCC), and provided housing and other facilities necessary for the expansion of the Army which was then a national effort in anticipation of possible involvement in World War II.

In 1933 the Post became the headquarters of the Vermont District of the Civilian Conservation Corps, which continued to operate until about 1938.

Many thousands of dollars were spent under the State WPA program for essential facilities on the Post.

In 1944 the Post was declared inactive and much of it was allocated to the Federal Public Housing Authority for housing of civilians. The University of Vermont secured a block of housing for faculty members and students, and at the present time this allocation is still fully utilized.

Following World War II and during the reorganization of the Vermont National Guard, the offices of the Senior Instructor and the U. S. Property and Disbursing Office were established on the Post, utilizing administrative buildings, shop and storage facilities in the Post Headquarters Building, Riding Hall, Artillery motor garages and vacant cavalry stables.

Late in 1948 the office of the Organized Reserves for Northwest Vermont was established in the old Post guardhouse and an adjoining barracks, and in 1949 the office of the Senior Army Instructor ORC was moved from Montpelier to Fort Ethan Allen. In January 1950 the Vermont Military District was opened in the former Post Engineer's office.

In April 1926 a tract of land of 6000 acres was secured as an artillery range in the Underhill-Jericho-West Bolton-Mt. Mansfield quadrangle, about 15 miles east of the Post, and this was later augmented by the acquisition of about 6,500 acres.

In August 1949 the Post reverted to Army control, and a number of civilian families were moved out of many of the officers' and NCO's quarters to make room for military personnel assigned to duty with the civilian components of the Armed Forces stationed on the Post or in the vicinity.

At the present time Fort Ethan Allen has considerable vacant space which is unused by the occupying agencies. These comprise principally troop barracks and former stables and artillery gun sheds. The Post is considered to be ideally situated to provide excellent facilities for winter training and mountain training.

4. A NAME AND ITS MEANING *by* E. PARMALEE PRENTICE

We are planning a complete study of all Vermont place names, those of towns down to little hamlets, even brooks, streams, and wayside corners. We solicit the aid of our members. For instance, we are as much interested in the derivation of "Pickleville"—we know its background through a member—as in Burlington or Rutland. This bit of research by Mr.

Prentice seems to us a model to follow where a name offers difficulties and the truth is sought.—EDITOR.

THE name "Equinox Mountain" has been an insoluble mystery at Manchester, Vermont, for at least a century and perhaps for longer. Everybody asks its meaning; nobody knows the answer although none doubts that an explanation exists. Now that Mr. Joseph G. Davidson has built such a convenient, scenic road up the side of the mountain and has erected on the summit such a commodious mountain house, the question will press for an answer more urgently than ever before.

The most common solution of problems of this sort is to say that the word not understood is a corruption of an Indian word. The first president of the Manchester Golf Club proposed that the club be named for "old Chief Ekwanok," which was done. Of course, as everybody knew, the chief may in fact have existed. If he ever did exist, it is clear that the name of the mountain is a form of the old chief's name and if that name have the significance of "the very top," it would be equally appropriate to apply it to either or both—mountain and chief.

The word Equinox, however, is not a subject left entirely to speculation, since it has been used in Vermont as the name of a mountain for nearly two hundred years. Moreover, there is no doubt about the location of the mountain, originally called Equinox, for it is shown on the town map of Sandgate of August, 1761, copied into the state map of Vermont in 1796. There was a town map of Manchester made at the same time that the Sandgate map was made and both maps are dated August 11, 1761, but the name Equinox is not on the Manchester map because the mountain named "Equinox" was in Sandgate, not Manchester.

In Sandgate there were names for every stream and mountain. Two names may have been Dutch—a mountain and a hill—but all the other names were straight American, and there is a little drollery in naming a hill in the southwest corner of the town, where the grades were steep and hauling hard—Swearing Hill. No such name as that would ever have been permitted in Manchester. Sandgate has also Red Mountain, and Egg Mountain, and Bald Mountain, etc., and, finally, Sandgate gave the name of Equinox Mountain to a ridge, of which the southern extremity is at Minister Hill, about three miles north of West Arlington and which extends northeastwardly from that hill three or four miles. Land must have been fertile and farming good in

Sandgate for, if we judge by names, we would think that life in Sandgate was pleasant.

In Manchester, on the other hand, few names were given. None of the mountains bordering the valley, on the east or on the west, had a name. The two great natural features of Manchester are the Battenkill river and the Manchester mountain, and for the river Manchester accepted the Dutch name given it in New York. For the mountain Manchester took the Sandgate name, without knowing that it had any local significance—as the proud father named his daughter Potpourri because the name was pretty. That was not the Sandgate way.

Of the Sandgate ridge called Equinox Mountain, the important facts are that it was near the western slopes of the Manchester mountain but separated from it by a narrow rift or valley in the hills, not more than five hundred feet deep, about as Deer Ridge in Williamstown, Mass., stands near the west slope of Greylock but is separated from that mountain. The Sandgate ridge at its highest point reaches an elevation of about 2300 feet above sea level, high enough to make the ridge conspicuous from the west, but much lower than the Manchester mountain whose summit is 3800 feet high. More important, however, than its height is the fact that the ridge extends in a northeastwardly direction so that in the spring it caught the light of the sun setting in the southwest. There are no high hills west of the ridge to cut off the light of the afternoon sun; so as the days of spring come and the sun in the western sky sends its light northeastwardly through the valley, it lights the whole length of Equinox ridge where on its height the sunshine comes early and stays long. When, after a long afternoon, the men of Sandgate could see the top of the ridge still in the sunlight, they knew that spring had come and they named the ridge, Equinox Mountain.

The first time that Manchester mountain ever had a name given to it was in the *Gazetteer of the State of Vermont*, by Zadock Thompson (E. P. Welton, Montpelier, Vermont, 1824). Mr. Thompson, whose given name is spelled Zadok in II Sam., VIII, 17, seems to have heard the name Equinox in Sandgate, but apparently it was a word he had never heard before since he grasped neither its form nor its significance. Later, when he tried to think of it, he found that the only impression left on his memory was that the final syllable ended with the sound of the letter "x." This suggested to him the name of the Arctic Indians which, sounding the letter "x" in the last syllable, he knew as Esquimaux. So this is the name invented by a treacherous memory—misunderstood, mispronounced and mis-located, which he

put on the side of Manchester mountain in his *Gazetteer*. Somehow, nevertheless, but fortunately before he had published his *History of Vermont*, he came to know that the word Esquimaux was as far from the Sandgate ridge as the Arctic Circle and, as a Vermont location, it really would not do. Possibly some friend of his, reading the *Gazetteer*, explained the matter to Zadok, but anyhow the unwelcome knowledge was acquired and Zadok, being an unyielding man, determined to justify his error by sticking at least to the sound of the letter "x," and in his *History of Vermont*, published in 1842, he designated Manchester mountain by the name, Equinox.

Zadok was, therefore, first in the field with his Esquimaux in 1824, and he was still first when, in 1842, he substituted the name Equinox for that of the Arctic Indians. More than this, being no longer absurd, he ceased to be ridiculous; and so he was copied in the *Map of Bennington County, Vermont*, by E. Rice and C. E. Harwood (C. B. Peckham, New York, 1856), and being now recognized geography, other books followed this lead.

New Hampshire and Vermont, by Alvin J. Johnson (from Johnson's New Illustrated Family Atlas; Johnson & Ward, New York, 1862)

Atlas of Bennington County, Vermont, by Frederick W. Beers and others (F. W. Beers and others, New York, 1869)

County and Township Map of Vermont and New Hampshire, by Samuel A. Mitchell (from Mitchell's New General Atlas; Bradley & Co., Philadelphia, 1882)

Rand McNally (1888)

Colton's Railroad and Township Map of Vermont, by George W. Colton (G. W. and C. B. Colton, New York, 1894).

Other cartographers did not agree with Zadok and his followers, for in

Johnson's Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut (1864)

Atlas Map of Vermont, by O. W. Gray (taken from the National Atlas, Philadelphia, 1874–5)

Colton's Map of Vermont, by George W. Colton (J. H. Colton, New York, 1855, 1856, 1865, 1882)

Manchester Mountain was so designated.

It is said that nothing is finally settled until it is settled rightly, but apparently Equinox is an exception to this rule, for it was not finally settled until it was settled wrongly.

There is a story of a thief, running away with a goose he had taken and being betrayed by the goose itself which continually cried out: "I am stolen! I am stolen!" Something like this is true of the name Equinox, for although the mountain took the name Equinox so long ago that the statute of limitations has now run, nevertheless the name still speaks for its original owner, the Sandgate ridge.

Folklore Department

LEON W. DEAN, *Editor*
President, Green Mountain Folklore Society

A Brace of Stories

Dr. A. D. Patton was a country doctor located in the town of Fairfield. He came to possess a rare collection of stories concerning incidents which had occurred during the forty years that he had impartially given medical care to the high and the humble. He liked to relate the following incident.

Mr. and Mrs. Rich, an eccentric old Yankee couple who lived just outside the village, sent for the doctor one cold winter's night. He walked down the railroad track a short distance, then across the meadow, and came to the house. To his surprise there was no light in the windows. The house was in darkness. He made his way in through the woodshed door, then opened the door into the kitchen. There was a blazing hot fire in the kitchen stove and a strong smell of oil and sulphur. By the glow which came through the cracks of the stove he could dimly perceive two nude figures in the room. Then came old Mr. Rich's voice reassuringly:

"Come right in, Doc, and sit right down for a minute. My wife and I are jest ointing ourselves. We got the itch, the damnedest!"

—&—

At eighty years of age Ransom Brill exercised his light-harness race horses up and down the main street of Franklin just as he had for many years past. Ransom was getting deaf, and probably because of this fact his voice boomed forth with a deep yet half-smothered sound. When my father, who also used to drive his race horses up and down the street, met Ransom, they would often stop to discuss the relative merits of their trotters and pacers.

One winter's day Ransom's handsome new three-year-old which he was breaking ambled to a stop in front of the meat market. My father drove up alongside for a chat. Just at that moment a young woman, a newcomer to the town, was walking down the steps into

the market. My father, with the slightest indication of his whip, asked Ransom in a low voice if he knew who the lady was.

"Yep," Ransom's voice boomed back in reply, "sired by Dictator."[1]

—&—

The Pioneers Serve Tea

Snakeshead tea, a cooling drink, also considered a good tonic, was made by steeping dry leaves of snakeshead, a weed, and making tea of it. Leaves were dried and kept on hand.

Ginger tea, made by putting a teaspoonful of ginger in a glass of cold water, with a little sugar and milk, was very good for breaking up a cold. If taken hot, it was not considered safe to go out in cold weather the next day.

Catnip tea was made from leaves of catnip, hung up in bunches and dried. It was good for fretful babies and weak, nervous people.

Sage tea was made from sage raised in the garden, dried in bunches and hung in the attic. It was good for colds, night sweats, upset nerves.[2]

—&—

"One Thumb"

This story is a true one taken from history written by a member of our family.

The clearing of lands was not an easy task for the pioneer. Sometimes work started could not be finished before cold weather, and men would go back over the border into Massachusetts to spend the winter. One year William Leavens was among the first to return in the spring. He and two companions traveled three days to reach their clearings. After a short rest, they started piling the logs they had cut the year before. As a large one rolled into place, a queer sound was heard. Not paying any attention, William stepped up to the next log. As he did so, he was bitten on his left thumb by a rattlesnake. While his companions took care of the snake, William, thinking of the long distance from help, as well as the seriousness of the rattler's bite, grabbed his ax. Placing his thumb carefully on the flat surface of a stump, he severed it at the first joint below the bite. His courage saved his life. He lived to be eighty-two, always carrying the name of "One Thumb Leavens."[3]

The Farmer's Song

Oh, a health unto the farmers who live among the hills
Where every man's a sovereign and owns the land he tills,
Where all the girls are beautiful and all the boys are strong.
It's my delight on a summer's night to sing the farmer's song.

'Tis here the Morgan horses and Black Hawk steeds abound,
And as for beauty, strength and speed their equal can't be found;
They always go it fleetly and always come it strong.
It is my delight on a summer's night to sing the farmer's song.

'Tis here the proud Merino of pure imported stock
Are often seen to range the green in many a noble flock;
Their forms are large and beautiful, their wool is fine and long.
It's my delight on a summer's night to sing the farmer's song.

You have often heard the story of ancient Rome and Greece,
Of Jason's expedition to get the Golden Fleece;
Vermonters stole the fleece away and took the sheep along.
It's my delight on a summer's night to sing the farmer's song.

'Tis here the tall and manly Green Mountain Boys are seen,
So called because the mountains and not the boys are green.
They always fight to win the right and to resist the wrong.
It's my delight on a summer's night to sing the farmer's song.

'Tis here the best and fairest of Yankee girls are caught,
With every grace of form and face that ever lover sought,
With every art to win a heart and hold it long and strong.
It's my delight on a summer's night to sing the farmer's song.

Then a health unto the farmers who live among the hills
Where every man's a sovereign and owns the land he tills,
Where all the girls are beautiful and all the boys are strong.
It's my delight on a summer's night to sing the farmer's song.[4]

—&—

Just As He Pleased

In the early part of this century, Harry Gray of St. Johnsbury owned a large sawmill in the town of Concord.

On town meeting day Mr. Gray insisted that all his men should go to town to vote and that they were to vote just as he did. The town

meeting lasted nearly all day, so a big dinner was served at noon by some of the ambitious ladies of Concord.

When the meeting was over and the men were hanging around waiting to get back to the mill, one of them approached Harry and said:

"Well, how did you vote?"

"Just as I damned pleased," answered Harry.

Harry Gray was independent, and he wanted his men to be the same.[5]

—&—

Epitaph - 1813 - West Rochester

Full seventy years
I've breathed air
Of pains and ills I've tasted
On heaven I build my hopes so fair
And now my bones are wasted.[6]

A High Price

Mr. John Howe, a gentleman in his nineties, was known, recently, to pay what he considered an exhorbitant price to have his chimney topped out. Later, in discussing the bill, he remarked:

"Gol, rye! I'd carry the smoke out in a basket before I'd pay that price again!"[7]

—&—

Not Up But Down

The story is told with much relish of a family in Rockingham who were firm believers in the Day of Judgment occurring soon and suddenly. In preparation for this great event, which was expected upon a certain day, the gentleman of the house, having given away his worldly possessions, mounted to the ridgepole, to be nearer heaven when the summons came, nightshirt and all. Praying, he clung to the rooftree and waited. Someone fired a gun, which was taken to be Gabriel's trumpet. It so startled the saintly gentleman on the roof that he fell to

the ground and broke his leg. The story fails to relate whether or not his faith was impaired.[8]

—&—

Home Made

A goodly number of years ago there lived in Corinth an old lady by the name of Mrs. Sloan. She was then nearly eighty years old, and the elderly neighbor who told me this story was a small boy then. He had never forgotten the fact that in all her life Mrs. Sloan had owned but one paper of pins, and at that time still had two rows of the pins left on that one paper. Another thing which had always impressed him was that she had never lost her "potato yeast" but once in her life. I asked him what potato yeast was, and he told me I might copy his mother's recipe. So here it is:

POTATO YEAST

Grate potato
Bring to boil in small amount of water
1 pinch salt
1 pinch sugar
Place in open bowl until it has raised; then keep in covered jar. It must be added to from time to time. Any scrapings from moldboard or milk will do.

The yeast was used in any dough that needed to be raised, he said, such as bread, biscuits, etc. He also mentioned that when soda was first known about it was called pearlash. Then he went on to tell me how the Rowlands made their own ink and dyes. It was fine ink, too, he said. He still uses the following recipe.

INK

Chop white maple bark
Put in water to cover
Steep until the liquid is grayish-purple
Strain and bottle for use

GRAY DYE

Take above liquid, add copperas, a product made from feldspar. Copperas sets the color. This is good for anything such as shirts and work clothes as it never fades.

BUTTERNUT DYE

This was simply butternuts steeped in water until the liquid was thick and brown. This dye he does not bother to make now. I do not know the reason unless he does not care for brown.[9]

Bully Tale

Bull Bosworth received his name from a peculiar circumstance. He stole from a neighbor a red and white bull, and stained the white spots red. But the following spring, when the bull shed his hair, he forgot to re-color the spots, and the crime was discovered. The report of his theft spread rapidly, and whenever any of his acquaintances met him on the street they would begin bellowing like a bull, a procedure which annoyed him so badly that he decided to leave town. He removed to Chicago, the great beef city, but took the next train home. When asked why his so quick return, he replied:

"That darn bull got there first."

It developed that as he left the train in Chicago he heard a bull bellowing in the near-by stockyard.[10]

—&—

Fish By Any Other Name

The story is told of an early Whitingham family which was very nearly destitute of anything to eat. The husband brought home some fish; whereupon the wife inquired how it should be cooked. He suggested that she fry it in butter. To this the wife replied that she had no butter. Then the husband suggested milk, but the same objection was offered. Finally, he told his wife to fry the fish in water. She did so. After eating the fish, the man sat in thoughtful silence for a time. At last he remarked:

"Fish fried in water tastes just like boiled fish."[11]

—&—

Rochester, January 1st, 1849

Account of Provisions Consumed this Year

Taken from account book of my husband's great grand-father, Chester M. Smith of Goshen, later made a part of West Rochester. I have omitted prices that were repeated.

—Geneva K. Smith, East Barre.

By one hog bought of John Trask	$19.03
By two hundred pounds of Beef salted	10.00
Jan. 5th Day Carried two bushels of barley	1.34
Jan. 9th Day by one half pound of Green tea	.25

Jan. 12th Day have on hand 15 pounds of Tallow	1.50
have on hand 150 bushels of potatoes	37.50
Jan. 12th Day have one bushel of salt on hand	.62
Jan. 25th Day bought of Joel Cooper 10 bushels of corn	6.67
Jan. 25th Day bought of A. Cushman half pound tea	.25
Jan. 25th Day bought of A. Cushman one pound salurate	.08
Jan. 25th Day bought one corn broom	.17
Jan. 25th Day bought one quart pitcher	.18
Feb. 3rd Day bought one lb. sugar	.07
Feb. 3rd Day carried 3 bushels of Barley	2.00
Feb. 7th Day bought one quarter of cinnamon	.08
Mar. 16th Day Carried two bushels of barley to mill	1.33
Mar. 19th Day Carried four Bushels of wheat to mill	6.00
Apr. 25th Day bought half bushel of beans	.50
Apr. 25th Day bought half bottle of Sassaperilla	.50
May 23rd Day bought 14¼ lbs of Codfish 3¾ per	.54
June 11th Day Bought 50 lbs of codfish	1.87
July 7th Day bought two Sargent cythes	2.00
July 7th Day bought one bushel of corn	.75
July 7th Day Sack of salt	.28
July 7th Day bought fifty three and ¾ of pork	5.35
July 7th Day to one Bbl. of flour	6.00
July 31st Day Bought of A. Cushman ¼ bushel rye	.50
Sept. 4th Day Bought of Pierce 33⅓ yds cot. cloth	2.68
Sept. 4th Day Bought of Pierce black and white thread	.23
Sept. 22nd Day Bought of Pierce one pound ginger	.10
Sept. 22nd Day Bought of Pierce pint oil	.14
Bought of Wm. Baker half of a beef besides the hide	6.00
Nov. 15th Day bought one bushel of beans	1.00
Nov. 16th Day Carried 3 bushels of provender	1.25
Nov. 28th Day bought one pound of raisins	.12
Nov. 28th Day bought of Morgan one cheese 19¾	1.18
Nov. 28th Day bought of Morgan 4 pounds batting	.40
Bought of Wm Baker 12 bushels of apples	1.50
Bought of Isaac Smith one bbl of cider	1.75

Great Display

"Today they meet at Bristol to hold a railroad meeting to see what is going to be done about haveing a branch road from New Haven

line to Bristol also all the teamsters with their teams loaded from different towns that pass through Bristol to let people know what an immense sight of lumber and freight passes through the village on an average Elmer has gone down to see the great display (to see them play ball) and hear the band play."[12]

Mount Hunger

Located between Middlesex and Worcester is a mountain known as Mount Hunger. The name is said to have been given it by a party of hunters who went out from Middlesex Center on a winter's day about 1820 to hunt for deer. Lost in the woods, they had to stay out all night, with nothing to eat except one partridge. When they returned home the next day, half starved and wholly tired out, they said they had been on Mount Hunger.[13]

Ready Wit

Then once Gramp had a hired man inclined of boasting. He always insisted on loading the hay, boasting that he had never fallen off a load. Great Grandfather pitched the load up to him, and when the boaster was on the back of the load he managed to give the oxen a sly prick, making both oxen jump and jerk the load, also the hired man off the load. It was done so adroitly that Gramp was pitching up more hay at the same time. When he in astonishment asked the man if he had fallen off the load, the man quickly retorted:

"Oh, no, I came down after more hay. You're too slow."[13]

---

1 Dorothea H. Patten, Franklin; 2 Doris A. Jennings, Burlington; 3 Dorothea L. Richardson, Vergennes; 4 Amos J. Eaton, South Royalton; 5 Kathleen E. Forbes, Waterbury; 6 Geneva K. Smith, East Barre; 7 Alice S. Whitney, Wilmington; 8 Frances S. Lovell, Bellows Falls; 9 Marjorie Metcalf, East Corinth; 10 Amos J. Eaton, South Royalton; 11 Harriet C. Murdock, Whitingham; 12 Geneva K. Smith, East Barre; 13 Jean G. Kennedy, Barre.

PAGES FROM THE PAST

In this new department of the Quarterly *we plan to answer the very human and reasonable questions you, and we also, ask about Vermont makers of history of the past, and we include among the figures even a little girl of a far-gone century and others who seem dim and faraway to us. We like to know "Just what did he say?" "Just what did she write?" Too much history is seen through the lens of other eyes and others' prejudices and opinions. Editor.*

1. From A Narrative of a Tour through the State of Vermont from April 27 to June 12, 1789 by the Rev. Nathan Perkins of Hartford.

We must remember in reading these pages that Hartford, Conn., had long been settled—in fact, was a city of culture and refinement. The Reverend himself was a graduate of Princeton. For more than sixty-five years he was pastor of a leading church in Hartford, and he was generally regarded as one of the ablest divines of his day. He was sent to preach the Gospel to the new settlements in Vermont; and what he found on his trip through the wilderness country of the North he faithfully and honestly recorded. Certain pages with little Vermont interest or with somewhat disrespectful allusions to Hartford society have been eliminated. Editor.

Friday entered ye State of Vermont—a bad appearance at ye entrance, Pawnal ye first town, poor land—very unpleasant—very uneven—miserable set of inhabitants—no religion, Rhode Island haters of religion—baptists, quakers, & some presbyterians—no meeting house.—Friday came to Bennington 6 miles—Capitol at present of Vermont—a good town of land, people, proud—scornful—conceited & somewhat polished—small meeting house—considerably thick-settled, as many, as can possibly get a living;—no stone;—no fencing timber;—some elegant building;—a County town;—a tolerable Court-house & jail;—a good grammar school. The Revd. Mr. Swift their Minister, ye Apostle of Vermont—well esteemed among his own people, & in ye State, at large; put up at his house:—he not at home; gone over to ye College.—his wife handsome,—serious,—weakly,—Lawyer Segwick's sister,—ten children one at ye breast,—two daughters grown up, homely,—unpolished,—countrified in manners, and without any elegance. Visited Judge Robinson,—Chief justice of ye State. A man of sense & of religion, rich & uncommonly

dutiful to an aged Mother, eminent for her attainments in goodness. Saturday May ye Second, rode to Shaftsbury—Saw ye hill where ye Bennington battle was fought, six miles from ye town,—a battle which will be greatly celebrated in ye history of America. Called on Elder Blood of Shaftsbury,—a baptist Minister of public education,—candid & supported as presbyterian Ministers are,—lives low,—poor; wife old,—ordinarily looking;—serious and very dirty—A good township of land:—passed on to Arlington,—An episcopal Church there,—a very rough, uneven, hilly town, ye present governor of ye State resided there during ye war, in a very indifferent house. The noted Shays & his family live here, in great poverty & obscurity. Went on to Sunderland, called on Col. Timothy Brownson one of ye Council of ye State, was treated with hospitality—ye family kind, but destitute of all taste & polish. 1 Sabbath in May, preached at Sunderland, in a barn, to a considerable audience, very attentive & much affected, received much applause; a raving arminian methodist preaching in ye Evening; Here lived formerly ye awful Deist Ethan Allyn,—so known in Vermont, who delighted in calling himself ye old philosopher. In his house now lives a quaker from Long Island, with a young girl from Seabrook whom he seduced, though a married man, a picture of beauty & elegance. Sabbath Evening went to Major Brownson, rich & kind & generous,—keeps 70 head of Cattle.—Monday 3 of May journed to Manchester, half shire town hemmed in by lofty mountains, a number of houses in ye center,—a small meeting house, half baptists,—loose town,—called on Mr. Elias Gilbert, a serious man;—visited ye house of Col. Keyes, his wife gone out on a visit;—he, in Canada, rafting lumber—Went on to Dorset, called on Rev. Mr. Sill, a good friendly man, extremely poor—poor looking family,—poor land,—got some directions of him, as to my route,—passed to Pollet, through Rupert, called on Revd. Mr. Bebee, a serious man, who left honor & ye prospects of wealth for ye Gospel, sensible, of little reading,—of narrow sentiments—, a weakly wife, a poor hut, a friendly heart,—mean victuals, destitute of neatness. Wednesday 5th May, set out from Pollet, for Middletown, preached at one Reed's in a dark room—to a small collection of people, chiefly Connecticut Separates, very serious & attentive, put up at Mr. Minor's, a kind man,—a kind wife,—wretched fare,—wretched bed,—eat up with flees,—no hay,—my horse starving.—Thursday journeyed to Tinmouth, & preached, at Mr. Porter's, one of ye Council of ye State,—his wife a most pious woman,—a few people very much affected with my sermon. Friday 8th day of May, heavy snow.—I

went to judge Mattock's,—was kindly received. He is treasurer of ye State. Saturday went to Clarindon—to Elihu Smiths esq,—a rich man, a great boaster,—a fine farm on ye otter Creek, preached 2 Sabbath in May at his house,—ye people of Wallingford met with Clarindon, very attentive. I fared badly at Clarindon, & my horse worse. Here I had an Interview with ye Revd. Mr. Swift of Bennington, & Mr. Marsh, Master of Bennington Academy. Monday 9th May,—went to Rutland on ye Otter-Creek, a County town, considerably settled, called on Mr. Williams Esq, and was introduced to Dr. Williams from Cambridge, Massachusetts, late professor of philosophy there, but was guilty of forgery & resigned,—a well looking & a learned man—a good speaker, lofty & haughty in his air—& preaching there, to my surprise, elevated with ye idea of having a College there. —Lodged at Mr. Flints in Brandon,—meanest of all lodging,—dirty,—fleas without number. May 10th rode to Leicester & put up at Col. Sawyers, & Wednesday preached a Lecture, at his house, & baptised a child for him,—a rough, violent, savage man,—extraordinary spot in nature for Mills, & a pond by his door, where he raises fish. Thursday rode to Middlebury,—to Major Chipman's—to Mr. Smally's & to Mr. Fleide's preached a lecture at Mr. Thayer's to a considerable of an audience,—they were all attention. Next day, rode to Mr. Foote's, stayed all night, a high tempered, boastful man, conceited, vulgar,—& highly inelegant, in ye house.—Next day to New Haven,—preached at a log house,—people serious & anxious to hear ye word.—I was greatly worried & fatigued with riding,—poor living, nothing but brook water to drink,—& no comfortable victuals,—my nature almost exhausted, went to Mr. Cooke's in New-haven, friday & Saturday morning nine o'clock, preached, in a log house, & ye people wonderfully attentive. Slept, in an open log house, where it rained on me, in ye night, & no keeping for my horse. Saturday 16th of May rode on after preaching to Moreton,—Pocock—mud belly deep to my horse, & I thought I should have perished: felt warm gratitude to heaven that my life was spared,—my health & strength continued, through such hardships & unwholesome food, arrived just at night at Mr. Steeles my old parishioner,—was cordially welcome, & gratefully received at Hinsburgh—preached 3th Sabbath in May, at his house,—a large audience for ye wilderness, & deeply attentive. He lives well. Land good-gathered ye church & organized them on Wednesday, preached a lecture & baptized a Child for Mr. Elisha Steele. Thursday 20 of May set out for Williston where governor Chittenden lives.—baptised five children, rode through ye woods, 14 miles, ye riding as

bad as it could be, almost half of ye trees in ye woods blown down by ye violence of ye wind last year. Came to one Deacon Talcotts and he accompanied me to his Excellency's Governor Chittenden's. A low poor house,—a plain family—low, vulgar man, clownish, excessively parsimonious,—made me welcome,—hard fare, a very great farm,—1000 acres,—hundred acres of wheat on ye onion river—200 acres of extraordinary interval land. A shrewd cunning man—skilled in human nature & agriculture—understands extremely well ye mysteries of Vermont, apparently and professedly serious. Williston a fine township of land,—soil fertile. And all ye towns upon ye Lake Champlain & for three teer back ye best sort of land. Not very heavy timbered, or stony or mountainous, well intersected with streams, & ye streams full of small fish.—Two noted streams ye Otter-Creek and ye onion river—About 300 town in the State of Vermont—6 miles square—about 40 of ye towns upon ye green mountains—very cold—snow upon ye top of them till June; commonly—good grazing land about half way up ye green mountains—they almost end at latitude 44 1-2—I go up as far as there are any Settlements large enough to gather a Congregation—within thirty miles of Canada line—days perceiveably longer—in reality 20 minutes longer. Moose plenty on ye mountains over against Jericho, Essex & Colchester—people hunt them—eat them in lieu of beef—& get their tallow. Bears & wolves plenty—timber, beach,—maple,—pine, hemlock, cherry,—birch & some oak and Walnut—about as many as 40 families, in a town, upon an average, about 40 town totally unsettled—land extraordinarily good—from Rutland & Tinmouth clear to Canada line. Curiosities of ye country—ye innumerable high mountains 3 & 4 miles up them—1—1-2 perpendicular. covered with snow now three feet in depth—Lime stone in abundance scattered every where, but no good building stone—a lime pit of two acres in Sunderland—the lower end of ye State poor compared to ye North end—narrow & rough,—No cheese any where—no beef—no butter—I pine for home—for my own table.—Words cannot describe ye hardships I undergo, or ye strength of my desire to see my family—& to be with them. How affectionately do I remember them, hundreds of times every day, & shed a tear, in ye woods—got lost twice in ye woods already—heard ye horrible howling of ye wolves. Far absent—in ye wilderness—among all strangers—all alone—among log-huts—people nasty—poor—low-lived—indelicate—and miserable cooks. All sadly parsimonious—many profane—yet cheerful & much more contented than in Hartford—and the women more contented than ye men—turned tawny by ye smoke of ye log-

huts—dress coarse, & mean, & nasty, & ragged.—Some very clever women & men—serious & sensible. When I go from hut to hut, from town to town, in ye Wilderness, ye people nothing to eat,—to drink, —or wear,—all work, & yet ye women quiet,—serene,—peaceable, —contented, loving their husbands,—their home,—wanting never to return,—nor any dressy clothes; I think how strange!—I ask myself are these women of ye same species with our fine Laides? tough are they, brawny their limbs,—their young girls unpolished—&will bear work as well as mules. Woods make people love one another & kind & obliging and good natured. They set much more by one another than in ye old settlements. Leave their doors unbarred. Sleep quietly *amid flees—bed buggs—dirt* & *rags*. O how vile,—how guilty, how ungrateful to providence are our women! tell lies about one another—envy one another—go abroad, dress & enjoy fine roads—carriages husbands to wait on them—& are yet uneasy—unaffectionate! Could they see—Could my lady so agreeable & pleasant to me, only see & endure what I have, how contented—how easy —how thankful would she be! she would feel a rapture of devotion & gratitude to heaven for our happy lot.—Every time she goes to meeting, or abroad,—or ascends ye Chaise, she would feel her enviable lot. Not words can describe ye pleasing situation, when contrasted with almost all ye world! How have I longed to see another pleasing Sabbath at home!—I have rode more than 100 miles and seen no meeting house! —I can now realize what our forefathers suffered in settling America! I grieve to hear what thousands & thousands have endured—women & Children in coming to this State of Vermont.—One thing is now deeply affecting. The frowns of ye Almighty are on this State for their sins. The seasons have been for two years back very unfavorable. A famine is now felt in this land. I have heard.—I have read of famines, but never saw one before, or was in ye midst of one, the year 1789 will be remembered by Vermont as a day of calamity and famine—dearness of truck & want of bread in all their dwellings. It is supposed by ye most judicious & knowing that more than 1-4 part of ye people will have neither bread nor meat for 8 weeks—and that some will starve. How affecting ye idea! I have mourned with ye inhabitants. Several women I saw had lived four or five days without food, and had eight or ten Children starving around them—crying for bread & ye poor women had wept till they looked like Ghosts. Many families have lived for weeks on what ye people call Leeks—a sort of wild onion—very offensive to me—it poisons all ye milk & Butter of ye new settlements, while ye Cows go in ye woods.—I perform

this day 22th Saturday ye office of physician & nurse to Mrs. Chittenden who is very sick with a disorder called, *St. Anthony's fire.* Miss Leita Chittenden, ye young Lady 16 years old, & I, nurse together. They seem to love me, as a brother, & ye Governor as a son. I struck them upon ye right key.—Queer is human nature & has a blind side. His Excellency picked me out to understand human nature, at first sight. He laughed about some of my zealous Connecticut brethren Particularly Mr. *Williston.* The whole Country of Vermont will in process of time, be extremely difficult to fence their land. There is no such good fencing timber as in Connecticut. Stonewall can never be made. The mountains are rocky, but too steep to carry ye Vallies. Saturday—2 O'clock P-M quite home-sick today.—

Vermont will not be a grain Country after a few years. Not a wheat—or rye—or Indian corn Country, particular spots excepted. Nor a very good Country for Orchards. I suffer as much for ye want of drink as any thing. Brook-water is my chief drink. The maple cyder is horrible stuff—no malt in ye Country.—Their beer poor bran beer.—Visited about 50 new towns, preached about 6 days in seven.—Had a numerous Assembly at Williston, people of Jericho and Essex came to hear me & Josiah Steele from Hinsburg 14 miles; preached in a barn of Col. Spafford's 100 feet long. Audience peculiarly attentive, opposed Deism in my discourse; ventured to speak much from rising circumstances, without writing & have always found a very great freedom. Sabbath Evening left his Excellency's & and went over Onion River to Jericho—a deep stream and wide, swam my horse over—Put up at Deacon Roade's a pious man—had no confortable refreshment—was almost starved because I could not eat ye coarse fare provided for me—no candles pine splinters used in lieu of them—bed poor & full of flees—Monday 25 rode out 4 miles into ye wilderness & preached in a log house to a number of people who were deeply effected—& baptised three Children, & conversed much on religious subjects. 10 o'clock A.M.—dined with Lewis Chapin where I preached—a sensible serious man & his wife exceedingly amiable. When I took leave of them She wept heartily & shook hands with me affectionately & left a quarter of a dollar in my hand—and did it with grace & politeness. His Excellency also at parting with me, Jericho, where he accompanied me—bid me farewell & shook hands with me, & left a dollar in my hand.—Monday afternoon rode 6 miles to Essex, a terrible rode, & lodged with Timothy Bliss, Esq—a kind, serious & curteous family. Tuesday morning very much fatigued for all ye preceeding evening, people came in to see me & I

talked till I was so tired that I could not sleep—A sister of Dr. Hopkins of Hartford lives there, a sensible woman—rode from Mr. Bliss's 4 miles & preached at Mr. Morgan's. A horrible rode. There I gathered & incorporated a Church, & admitted a member, and drew ye form of Covenant. The people deeply affected. Tears flowed plentifully—all affected, young people, & Children & myself.—Here my horse got away & steered for Hartford, he had undergone hardships enough he thought.—3 o'clock P.M.—accompanied by Mr. Bliss Esq—Set out for Colchester—Burlington & Shelburn.—Arrived at *Onion-river falls* & passed by Ethan Allyn's grave. An awful Infidel, one of ye wickedest men yet ever walked this guilty globe. I stopped & looked at his grave with a pious horror.—Rode on to Burlington Bay—one of ye most delightful places in nature.—Passed over Colchester-bridge, one of ye greatest curiosities of Vermont—ye Bridge about sixty feet from ye ground on two high rocks on each bank, where all ye waters of ye onion river are compressed into a narrow space of 40 feet.—From Burlington Bay, I set out alone unaccompanied to Shelburn through ye wilderness on ye Lake Champlain—next to no rode—mud up to my horse's belly—roots thick as they could be, no house for 4 miles.—I got lost. My horse nearly gave out, excessively worried with ye bad travelling. O how anxious was I! I expected every step to be killed.—I was hungry, dry, had been almost exhausted by labours in preaching, conversing & gathering a Church.—How much would I have given to have been at home—to have seen my dear wife & children. It seemed as if I never should have ye pleasure again to see them. Night come on—I could travel no farther—I found a little log hut & put up there. Could get no supper—my horse no feed—Slept on a Chaff-bed without covering—a man, his wife & 3 children all in ye same nasty stinking room.—rose by sun-rise Wednesday morning 26 of May—travelled through ye woods, crossed ye River *de Plate* about two miles from ye mouth—a river so called from a bloody battle fought on its banks between ye french & English;—passed an ugly swamp & found Mr. Smith's Esq 9 o'clock A.M. Got breakfast & am homesick enough—ye woman agreeable—has another husband alive—he ran away from her & was gone 13 years, because of debt. She says, She loved him dearly, but has gotten her affections now entirely weaned. Last winter she & her present husband accidentally met him ye rode. And ye sight of him gave her no uneasiness any more than to see another man. A Burlington Bay Col. Stephen Keyes whipped bruised & almost killed a Dr. Stephens last month because he brought in a high bill for attending his

father-in-law, Col. Sheldon when sick there ye winter past.—Land extraordinarily good all along on ye lake & for 20 miles back. People troubled with ye *fever & ague*. Colchester & Burlington all deists & proper heathen. About one quarter of ye inhabitants & almost all ye men of learning diests in ye State. People pay little regard to ye Sabbath, hunt & fish on that day frequently. Not more than 1-6 part of ye families attend family prayer in ye whole State. About 1-2 would be glad to have ye Gospel & to support public worship & ye gospel Ministry. The rest would chuse to have no Sabbath no ministers—no religion—no heaven—no hell—no morality. 4 O Clock P M preached a lecture at Esq Smith's. The hearers very much affected. Went home with Capt. Comstock. His wife my cousin. A woman greatly esteemed; live on ye Lake shore & have a good farm. Thursday 11 O Clock A M—went out in a pleasure boat on ye Lake where Arnold's fleet was defeated by ye british, a raft of Lumber went off for Canada—covered an acre of water & had two little huts on it. The rafting business unprofitable for ye State and for individuals that undertake it. Thursday had an interview with an old College acquaintance, a Candidate who had preached to 90 vacancies & been a Candidate for 18 years. He rode with me to Mr. Roswell Hopkins in New Haven ye Secretary of ye State—a modest, diffident & sensible man. Lodged with him—a wretched log house—Slept in ye midst of ye family. Friday went to Esq Brash's, at ye City—viewed ye falls of ye Otter Creek & ye works there. The falls 40 feet, a great curiosity. Plum trees natural to ye Country—after viewing ye falls went down ye Creek & crossed ye ferry. And reached General Strong's in Addison 5 O Clock P M—a pleasant place on ye Lake two miles north of Crown Point & a sensible man. Here I had ye pleasure of seeing Major Storrs, my old Pupil; now State Attorney for ye County of Addison. Now some history of ye County of Vermont follows—Lake George Southwest of Lake Champlain—30 miles long & two and an half broad at a medium. Lake Champlain 160 long & 3 miles broad at a medium. West on York side broken & mountainous land 6 high white mountains, white as ye new fallen snow.—Lake Champlain heads south at Skeensborough & North forms a junction with ye St. Lawrence at Chamblee called ye rapids of St. John's Vermont two hundred miles long, 40 broad at ye South; & 98 at North, Latitude 45—at a medium 60 miles broad—about 300, 6 mile square town; and will bear about 200 families per town or 360000 Souls.—Saturday A M—10 O Clock. Wished—and wished to see my dear wife. I have almost forgotten how she looks.

It is more painful than words can describe, to be absent from one's family alone in ye woods. Friday was taken sick at Crown-point. Saturday very sick and wanted to see my family. Sabbath day quite sick and preached at Addison. Audience very attentive. Almost sunk into gloom. Seemed yt I could not live. Monday passed Crown-point—Bredport—Shorum—Orwill & Fair-Haven. Crown-point a remarkable place more than a million of money Sterling laid out in erecting ye works there. the Lake half a mile wide, ye for on ye west side. Mount Independence in Orwill on ye East side of ye Lake. Ticonderoga opposite on ye West side 15 miles south of Crown-point. Orwill Joshua Tracy Esq lives, become very rich, owns 9000 acres of land—vain—loquacious—foolish & proud. Fair-Haven lives Dr. Smith, a sensible, polite man—full of vanity. Col. Lion, a driving man in business, a deist. Passed through Hampton in Yorke State. Came to Poultney. Vermont Clergy sate there in Association. Illiterate, miserably appearing body. Preached at Poultney to ye Association, on ye *divine government*. Received ye highest encomiums & warmest applause from all ye Gentlemen of ye Clergy. Conversed some in ye Association & was listened to as an Oracle. Here saw Revd. Mr. Avery of Stamford, on a mission to Vermont. He appeared Chagrined & deeply mortified at ye Superior defference showed to me: & was full of envy at my popularity.—Wednesday afternoon rode to Wells and preached to a listening congregation. After Sermon preceeded on to Pollet. At Wells six of ye preachers attended me, & were all attention & said, if they could preach so easy & so elegantly, & so sentimentally, they would preach all ye time. Thursday preached at Pawlet; put up at Revd. Mr. Bebee's—talked to his people. They dissatisfied with his rigidity.—Friday 10 O Clock preached at Rupert where ye Reve. Mr. Bebee accompanied, and I had two or three learned Deists to hear me. Afternoon went on to Dorset & 4 o Clock preached there. Lodged with Revd. Mr. Sill, an aged friendly man, but moderate talents. Saturday accompanied by him I rode to Manchester, put up at Mr. Richardson's. Sabbath Morning rode 3 miles to Manchester meeting house—here I went to Col. Keyes. His wife glad to see me & very polite. Here I was introduced to one of general Allyn's daughters now Mrs. Hitchcock. Both rank deists—two more deists at meeting—I felt very disagreeably all day. 4 oClock rode down to Sunderland to preach 5 O Clock where I kept my first Sabbath in evangelical tour. Mr. Hitchcock & his Lady—Mrs. Keyes & Mr. Langdon & others attended me. I felt most severly to find ye Deists flocking after me. I was very very affectionately

welcomed by this people. They seemed overjoyed to see me. Many came to see me in ye evening to bid me farewell & gave me a little money. Monday morning June 8th set our for home Met ye Governor of Vermont on my rode to Shaftsbury. He expressed much love for me. Bid him farewell.

A VERMONT BOOKSHELF

1. CONTRARY COUNTRY. BY RALPH NADING HILL. 309 PP. BIB. 7 PP. INDEX 9 PP. RINEHART AND COMPANY. NEW YORK. 1950. $3.75.

My guess would be that some "bright young man" or "bright old man" in the publisher's office thought of the title, *Contrary Vermont*, and vowed it would "catch the eye," and so on; for it does not seem to me that Mr. Hill has established the thesis that Vermont is "contrary" inherently, genetically, or congenitally. From the beginning of the state's life, as evidence increased that Vermont might be a source of revenue to various parties in neighboring states, determined efforts were made to wrest land from the Vermonters holding it; and the fact that they were "contrary-minded" with a vim made the state possible. I doubt if that attitude is truly "contrary," however.

While the title is misleading, the book is not. It is obvious that Mr. Hill studied his sources thoroughly and used them wisely. Having a pernickety mind, I went through the pages carefully, hoping to find a few spots where the author slid into a bog of inaccurate statement from which I might rescue him—and having in mind also the mauling Vermont history is getting in recent fictionized versions of it; but I would give Mr. Hill a clean score on this issue. In these days when so many books are rushed into print by publishers, rushed from bookshelves, and into boxes to firms buying "remainders," it is a pleasure to see a book carefully done in terms of basic data which, publishers to the contrary, make a book live.

Not only then in terms of history, but also in terms of style and content, *Contrary Vermont* proves to be a satisfying book. To those not familiar with Vermont history, most of the volume should be engagingly new. The range is from Eleazar Wheelock teaching Indians in 1760 to Col. H. Nelson Jackson, now living in Burlington, and his six-thousand mile journey in a Winton car across the continent in 1903 in an effort to win a $50 bet. This chapter in terms of pure entertainment and light upon the character of a rugged Vermonter whose life is a real part of the contemporary history of the state is the outstanding chapter of the book. Between these two chapters Mr. Hill has sketched pleasantly the high lights of the small, the near great, and the great, making a reasonably wide pattern of varying themes. The ruckus at

Westminster, the Boorn mystery in which a corpse disappeared, the fiery Lyon (a nicely done chapter), a pond that ran away, the various Heavens on earth that Vermonters expected to set up in the state (including Brother Noyes), the early schoolmasters and school ma'ams, steamboats, slavery and the underground railroad, the St. Albans raid, the Fenians, the Vershire or "Ely War," artists, the Drood mystery (maddening still), Hetty Green (also excellently done—and about an amazing woman), Calvin Coolidge–these represent the primary topics.

Mr. Hill has a natural, easy-going style and an eye for the proper focus of his material so that his key points shine and do not disappear in the twilight of a mass of detail. The book makes pleasant reading for an evening; and after that it will go on a shelf for future reference, and be used to answer a hundred questions about Vermont. For instance, did you ever hear of the "Fenian raid"? Anything in which Irishmen are involved is likely to have a touch of the Old Green Isle's blarney and imagination; and this raid had all of that and more!

J.T.

2. TWO BENNINGTON-BORN EXPLORERS AND MAKERS OF MODERN CANADA. BY JOHN SPARGO. 135 PP. THE GREEN MOUNTAIN PRESS, BRADFORD, VT. BENNINGTON, 1950. $3.00.

Mr. Spargo says in his Foreword, "Writing this book was a labor of love and joy. It gave me much satisfaction and pleasure to set down the life-stories of two Bennington-born men who contributed greatly to the making of that mighty nation, our neighbor, Canada. If my readers get only half as much pleasure from reading the sketches as I had in writing them, they will not have any good reason for complaining."

The author, a former president of the Society, and now director-curator of the Bennington Historical Museum and Art Gallery, ranks among the first three of four of the state's historians. His devotion to Bennington and his lasting work in giving Bennington a place on the national historical map sets us to musing on an old wish that every major town or region in the state might find a historian with his loyalty and skill in research and expression. It is merely a wish, but if it came true, the history of this state, largely untold, would take on a drama and a meaning that it at present does not have.

Daniel Williams Harmon has been a dim figure to students of Vermont history as studied in terms of men; and it is obvious, now, as Mr. Spargo points out, that various items concerning him were

wrong. Even now, his grave is unmarked and unknown. The range of Mr. Spargo's research in the effort to call Harmon from the shadows of a century and a half included, not only Vermont, but Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, principal Canadian newspapers, and the files of the Hudson Bay Company.

Out of such research Harmon finally emerged. In 1796 as a young man he went to Montreal, as many young men—the story of Vermont and Montreal is one phase of Vermont's untold history—from Bennington and Vermont had gone with an interest in the fur business in which he made steady progress. He took to himself an Indian girl who bore him ten children. As he grew in influence in his company he grew in stature as a man. Acting for his company, he explored the country all the way from Montreal almost to the Pacific. His written reports and studies based on his experiences are, in Mr. Spargo's opinion, equal in importance to the widely known work of Mackenzie. Nostalgia for Vermont returning, he came to Vermont, after marrying his Indian girl, to visit the few left in his family in Vergennes. He and a brother were active in the settlement of Coventry, Mr. Spargo referring to them as "founders." Fire destroyed the town records, and it is not known when Harmon and his family moved away from Coventry, but they had made a definite contribution to the town's life and progress before they departed. His wife died in 1862 in Montreal, and evidently he too died there, but the date was not known. Further research established the date as April, 1843, and the place Sault-au-Recollect, his life closing in poverty, resulting probably from losing business ventures in Coventry.

The above roughly sketched outline of the life of Harmon does not reveal, of course, the inner, interesting detail of Mr. Spargo's treatment of the Bennington wanderer. Simon Fraser, born in Bennington, who became the noted Canadian pioneer and explorer, followed the same general paths as Harmon; and I will not pause to attempt to indicate what they were. The story of Fraser's life, as the author tells it, is as interesting as his rehearsal of the adventures of Harmon.

A.W.P.

3. EARLY NEW ENGLAND POTTERS AND THEIR WARES. 350 PP. APPENDICES (I. Documents. II. Check List of New England Potters (22 pp) III. Bibliography (6 pp). ILLUSTRATIONS (10 in text; 136 in plate section). INDEX (9 pp.) BY LURA WOODSIDE WATKINS. HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS. CAMBRIDGE, 1950. $10.

The author states in her Preface that "This book is the result of

more than fifteen years of research"; and a careful study of the volume supports her statement. It seems to us a definitive work in the field, and we give it a hearty recommendation to our readers and members who are interested in early New England pottery.

The chapter headings will be more helpful than any comment of ours about the scope of the book, and here they are: Techniques, Seventeen-Century Potters, James Kettle's Shard Pile, The Provincial Potters of Charlestown, A Potter's Daybook, A Woman Introduces Stoneware, Redware Potting from Boston to the Cape, Excavations on the Bayley Sites of 1723–1799, The Osborns of Danvers and Other Essex County Potters, The Quaker Potters of Bristol County, Stoneware Potting in Eastern Massachusetts, Some Potteries of Central and Western Massachusetts, The Whately and Ashfield Group, Pioneer Craftsmen of New Hampshire, The Clarks of Lyndeboro and Concord, North of Concord, Redware Potters of Vermont, Vermont Stoneware Potteries, Early Maine Potteries, The Maine Industry After 1800, Early Connecticut Redware and the Goshen Group, The States Family of Greenwich and Stoningham, Potters of New London County, Hartford and New Haven Potteries, Pots and Dishes of Norwalk, Rhode Island, Bennington and Kindred Developments, The Art Potteries, Redware Forms.

Mrs. Watkins is the author of *Cambridge Glass*, *The Development of American Glassmaking*, and *American Glass and Glassmaking*, and is a contributor to the magazine *Antiques*.

4. GROWING UP IN VERMONT. BY MARY J. O'NEIL. ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCY H. DOANE. MARY J. O'NEIL. RUTLAND, 1950. 89 PP. $2.

There is a sad dearth of books for youngsters on the 4th-5th-6th grade age level—that is, books of a factual nature dealing with Vermont history, animals, leaders, and other phases of primary interest. The author, a teacher herself, with the aid of a competent illustrator, has filled this abyss with an attractive book, page size 8 x 8 x 11, in which the interests of children have been the guide to readable and enjoyable material. Besides end maps of Vermont and our continent, there are plenty of pleasing drawings, many in color. The natural curiosity of small people is used as a lever to their interest: "Are you a bit curious? Well, then read on—" And, of course, they do—and we do.

We start with the "Long Ago" phase of Vermont's existence, then read about the Indians—there is an excellent list of Indian names for Vermont places—then a brief history; and then the fun begins. I do

not know a Vermonter who could pass a reasonably fair test on the material that the author has gathered, but after the children have gone over the book, they will be able to better the average adult's average.

D. J.

[*The books listed above may be purchased from the Society at the price given. Send your order to the Vermont Bookshelf, Vermont Historical Society, Montpelier, Vt. This service, however, is not for the general public but for our members and their friends. A.W.P.*]

Postscript

"A land without ruins is a land without memories—
a land without memories is a land without history."—
ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN.

Here in our library, collections, and museum are memories and echoes—still, I sometimes think, to be heard—of six wars in which Vermonters have fought. Vermonters are fighting again in Korea; and once more we are assembling the materials that cover their part in this faraway conflict. The question promptly arises: "Will some future man looking at this material ponder the primitive instincts, the dark stupidities, the blundering and bias, the jungle types of men who in an age anxious for peace led their hordes of men on a barbarian level into battle—ponder all the intricate facets of the eternal question: 'Why do men war against each other?' " He will do it probably with amusement, having found means to eliminate forever the jungle type, the power-complex dictator, the battle-ax exponent, from his civilization. In the meantime, the issue stands; and "some men must die that something greater than man may live." And those of us who work with history and think in its terms will remember Gilbert Murray's quiet statement to the effect that a little Egyptian girl was as much interested in her clay doll as a modern girl in a much better doll. In other words, there are values that never change; and courage, the determination in the minds and hearts of men to make this a peaceful world, moves under the battle preparations and in the battles themselves.

* * *

It is odd—and perhaps we should do something about it—that more individuals do not sense the fun in historical research. I believe in hobbies up to a certain point. Some of them—I will not mention them—seem to me a prodigious waste of energy and money, too often evaporating into a collection the owner cannot give away and nobody wants. In historical research, done with even casual care, we are bound to turn up interesting material that will have permanent value—if not to us in the end, certainly to others. And the field need not be vast by any means; some small phase of the past may yield interesting ore and assay beyond one's dreams; or the seeking may be just fun.

I commend the idea not only to the husky and diligent but the shut-in, and even the invalid. The study of one old diary may mean interesting data and good fun as the reader peeks into a life lived long ago.

For instance, one of our faithful members writes:

"Just the other day, I had a marvelous time working in the Sherburne Town Records. I was fascinated to see in the original all sorts of things that had particular flavor for me. Thus:

> 'Under the date of Feb. 7, 1774 . . . 'In July 1765 the King extended the bounds of New York (above Massachusetts) to Connecticut River, and so 110 or 120 New Hampshire Townships fall into New York. This was published in America the winter following. The Governor of New York claimed to regrant the Hampshire Grants, demanding £200 to £300 y.m. a Township. This discouraged the settling of Killington.'

"I take the y.m. to mean yearly money, or perhaps meant to have been l.m. for legal money. I have never happened to see before what Gov. Colden & Co. asked by way of a 'bite.' Nor had I realized that Gov. Benning Wentworth tended to reserve his 2 rights in such fashion that those in 4 adjacent towns came together to make one contiguous tract. And so forth. Much fun." And it is.

* * *

The distaff side of our membership deserves more attention, I think, than they have been given, perhaps, in years gone by. In addition to the series on pioneer women and their ways of life now in preparation—"Ann Story" was the first in our October issue—we are venturing into the question of tried and true recipes of long ago. We assume, also, that the male members of our membership, while not interested in the recipes, will be in the results of one that is tried. If any member has a real recipe of long ago that her family really likes, we should like to have it and print it, but no experiments, please; they might invite some mental and moral reprisals in our direction even if not physical.

* * *

One of our editor friends once said that a good proofreader had an "alarm-clock mind"—something I never had and often wished I did. If a comma, a misspelled word, a typographical error, and the endless array of mistakes with which an editor must cope, even with the aid of a competent and interested printer, would explode under the eye or ring an alarm, peace could descend in many an editorial office;

but the printed line slides by with an evil quiet. So we missed the mistake in our October number which gave Mark Twain a birthplace in Mississippi instead of Missouri. I should like to place the blame on the canny shoulders of Professor Johnson, but he makes a dangerous and witty foe to face; so we accept our destiny and deserve it, promising to do better in the future.

* * *

Ethan Allen continues to be a controversial figure, partly, I think as a result of the wide distribution of Stewart Holbrook's popular life. The time is not yet right for the publication of a biography that will balance the emphasis on Allen given by Holbrook with the emphasis given by Pell, and add to that balance the factors that deal with the inner phases of his life and character. A study must be made of the influence of other men upon him; and a viewpoint must be selected which sees beyond the immediate aspects of his extrovert personality to the hidden introvert elements. This comment—"Allen and his friends may have gone into Vermont for commercial reasons, but that fact substracts nothing from the hazards, the dangers before them"—points the way.

* * *

One of these days, when funds are available, we hope to initiate our own Vermont Oral History project. Names are coming in of older Vermonters who can tell faithfully stories of the years gone; and we will welcome names from our members. The idea is to use a comparatively simple recording machine. The permanent records made will be, of course, of impressive value. The reason for the gathering in of "oral history" is suggested in this quotation: "Wars and movements and great men—they lie flat on the page. The real essence of the past comes to us clear and vital in the living stories told and retold by many successive generations." Vermont's children's children are to hear our voices, one of these days, across the centuries. A.W.P.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Membership in the Society is open to any individual or institution.

AIMS AND PURPOSES

THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, founded one hundred and twelve years ago, is the *official historical society* of the State of Vermont. Housed in the State Library Building at Montpelier, it maintains a Library, Reading-Room, the State Museum, and furnishes a wide range of services to the State and individuals through its staff. It publishes scholarly and general books of lasting value; its rich collections contain priceless material for the study of community, state, and national history; it serves as headquarters for the local historical societies of the State. It also functions as an educational institution, seeking to promote the study of history in both popular and research phases. Its aims are to preserve for the future valuable relics, data, and documents, to emphasize an understanding of history as an asset to the people of the State, including its youth, as an approach to the problems of man in his relation to society, and as a method of clarifying the permanent values that underlie achievement in human experience. The Society is supported in part by appropriations of the General Assembly, but the major part of its necessary income is drawn from private gifts, contributions, endowments, and membership fees. Its affairs are under the direct control of representatives of the State, *ex officio*, and a Board of Curators who are recognized leaders in professional and business fields.

CLASSES OF MEMBERSHIP

Names and addresses of possible members are given prompt attention.

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS. $100. *No* annual dues. Includes subscription to the official magazine of the Society, *The Vermont Quarterly*, a monthly publication, the *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and a free copy of every book published by the Society after the receipt of the dues and during the member's lifetime.

V.H.S. ASSOCIATES. $25 annual dues. Includes subscription to *The Vermont Quarterly*, *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and a free copy of each book published by the Society in the current year.

INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERSHIP. $10 annual dues. Includes *The Vermont Quarterly* *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and free copies of monographs or other special studies containing the results of economic research in business and industrial fields from a historical point of view.

SUSTAINING MEMBERSHIP. $5 annual dues. Includes *The Vermont Quarterly* *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and one free book a year.

ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP. $3 annual dues. Includes *The Vermont Quarterly*, the *V.H.S. News and Notes*.

All members are entitled to the complete services of the Society, including the answering of questions involving historical matters, the assembling of research data, the preparation of club programs, the furnishing of speakers for special occasions, and various other forms of assistance.

All members are allowed ten percent discount on books published by the Society.

A membership, except a life membership, holds for one year, beginning on the day of the receipt with dues of the application or certificate.

Executive: Leon S. Gay, Cavendish, chairman, John Clement, Rutland, Harold G. Rugg, Hanover (N. H.), John H. McDill, Woodstock, Sam. R. Ogden, Landgrove, Paul Bourdon, Woodstock, Vrest Orton, Weston, A. W. Peach, Montpelier (ex officio).

Library: Harold G. Rugg, Hanover, chairman, John Clement, Rutland, Dorman B. E. Kent, Montpelier, Rev. V. B. Maloney, Winooski, Miss Dorothy Randolph, Montpelier, Miss Jean Simpson, Craftsbury, Miss Clara Follette (ex officio).

Finance: Luman B. Howe, Montpelier, chairman, Henry A. Jackson, Montpelier, Leslie Kendall, Montpelier.

Development and Endowment: Vrest Orton, Weston, chairman, Luman B. Howe, Montpelier, John H. McDill, Woodstock, Mortimer R. Proctor, Proctor, Curtis R. Smith, St. Albans, H. K. Hewitt, Orwell, John Huden, Castleton, John Hooper, Brattleboro, Leon S. Gay, Cavendish (ex officio), A. W. Peach, Montpelier (ex officio). (Additional members are under consideration.)

Publication: Leon W. Dean, chairman, Burlington, John Clement, Rutland, Vrest Orton, Weston, Charles E. Crane, Montpelier, George C. Bartter, Montpelier, Waldo F. Glover, Groton, Ralph N. Hill, Jr., Burlington, J. E. Durick, Winooski, Edmund Fuller, Shoreham, John Hooper, Brattleboro, Dana Doten, Cambridge, Mass.

Museum: (Authorized 1950) Ralph W. Putnam, Waterbury, chairman, Mrs. Ida B. Horton, Montpelier, Waldo F. Glover, Groton, Miss Elizabeth McDonald, Wilmington, Mrs. Ira Rich Kent, Calais, John Clement, Rutland, A. W. Peach, Montpelier, (ex-officio), Miss Clara Follette, Montpelier, (ex officio).

Kent Tavern: Mrs. Ira Rich Kent, Calais, chairman; Ralph W. Putnam, Waterbury, Dorman B. E. Kent, Montpelier.

Institutional: Edward F. Miller, Springfield, chairman; U. S. Senator Ralph E. Flanders, Springfield, Theodore F. Kane, Montpelier, James F. Dewey, Quechee, Leon S. Gay, Cavendish, (ex officio).

AS THE YEARS PASS

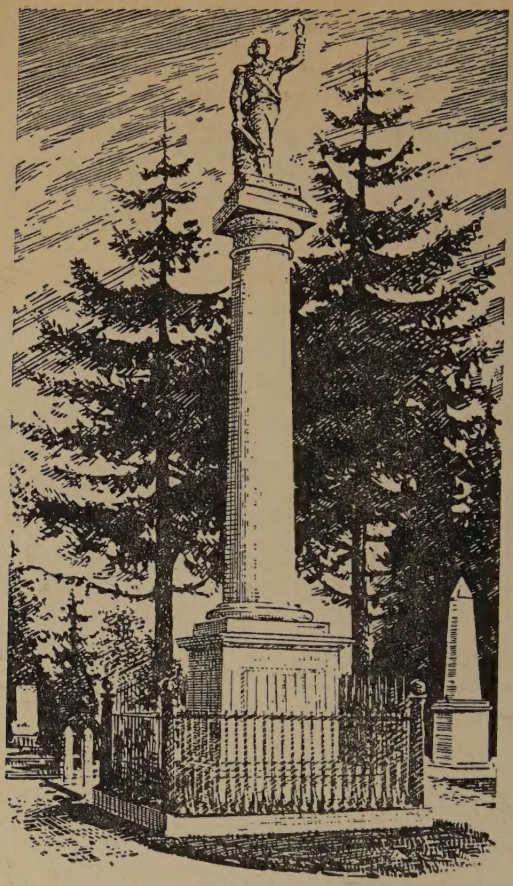
Generations of men have appeared and vanished since on November 5, 1838, the General Assembly of the State of Vermont approved an "Act to Incorporate the Vermont Historical and Antiquarian Society." This generation and generations far in the future are to pass, but the Society will live on through the changes and vicissitudes of time, keeping alive the traditions that have made a state and a people great, serving the past and the present in terms of values that abide. If any member is interested in setting up memorial funds or other funds that will last as long as Vermont lasts, we welcome an invitation to point the way.

Dr. Arthur W. Peach, Director

SELECTED TITLES FROM THE PUBLICATIONS
of the
VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Books listed below may be ordered directly at the price indicated. Members of the Society are given a 10 per cent discount on any volume.

1. *The Capture of Ticonderoga* by Lucius Chittenden. Documents, notes. 172 pp. $1.50
2. *Biography of Thomas Davenport, Inventor of the Electric Motor* by W. R. Davenport. Illus. Index. 165 pp. $3.00
3. *Vermonters* by D. B. E. Kent. Famous Vermonters, their birthplaces, their records. 187 pp. $1.50
4. *The Upper Connecticut: Narratives of its Settlement and its Part in the Revolution.* 2 vols. 300 pp.; 286 pp. ($2.25 per vol.) $4.50
5. *The Story of a Country Medical College; a History of the Clinical School of Medicine and The Vermont Medical College, Woodstock, Vermont 1827–1856* by F. C. Waite. Illus. 213 pp. $4.50
6. *Vermont During the War for Independence . . . Being Three Chapters from the Author's Natural and Civil History of Vermont*, published in 1794, by Samuel Williams. 104 pp. Wrappers. $1.25
7. *People of Wallingford* by B. C. Batcheller. 328 pp. $3.00
8. *History of Londonderry* by A. E. Cudworth. 228 pp. $3.00
9. *History of Marlborough* by E. H. Newton. 330 pp. $3.50
10. *History of Barnard* by W. M. Newton. 2 vols. 879 pp. Illus. Folding Maps. $6.00
11. *History of Pomfret* by H. H. Vail. 2 vols. 687 pp. Illus. Folding Maps. $5.00
12. *List of Pensioners of the War of 1812* by B. N. Clark. $1.50
13. *Vermont Imprints Before 1800* by Elizabeth F. Cooley. 133 pp. $1.50
14. *Heads of Families: Second Census of the United States: 1800. The State of Vermont.* Folio, 233 pp. $3.00
15. *The First Medical College in Vermont. Castleton 1818–1862* by Frederick Clayton Waite. 280 pp. 13 ill. Catalog of graduates and non-graduates. Index. $5.00.



THE STEPHENSON STATUE
OF
ETHAN ALLEN

GREEN MOUNT CEMETERY
BURLINGTON, VERMONT

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all . . .